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OCCASIONAL ISSUES
OF
UNIQUE
OR
VERY RARE BOOKS.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.
St. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

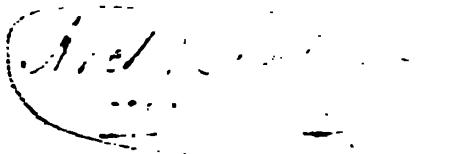
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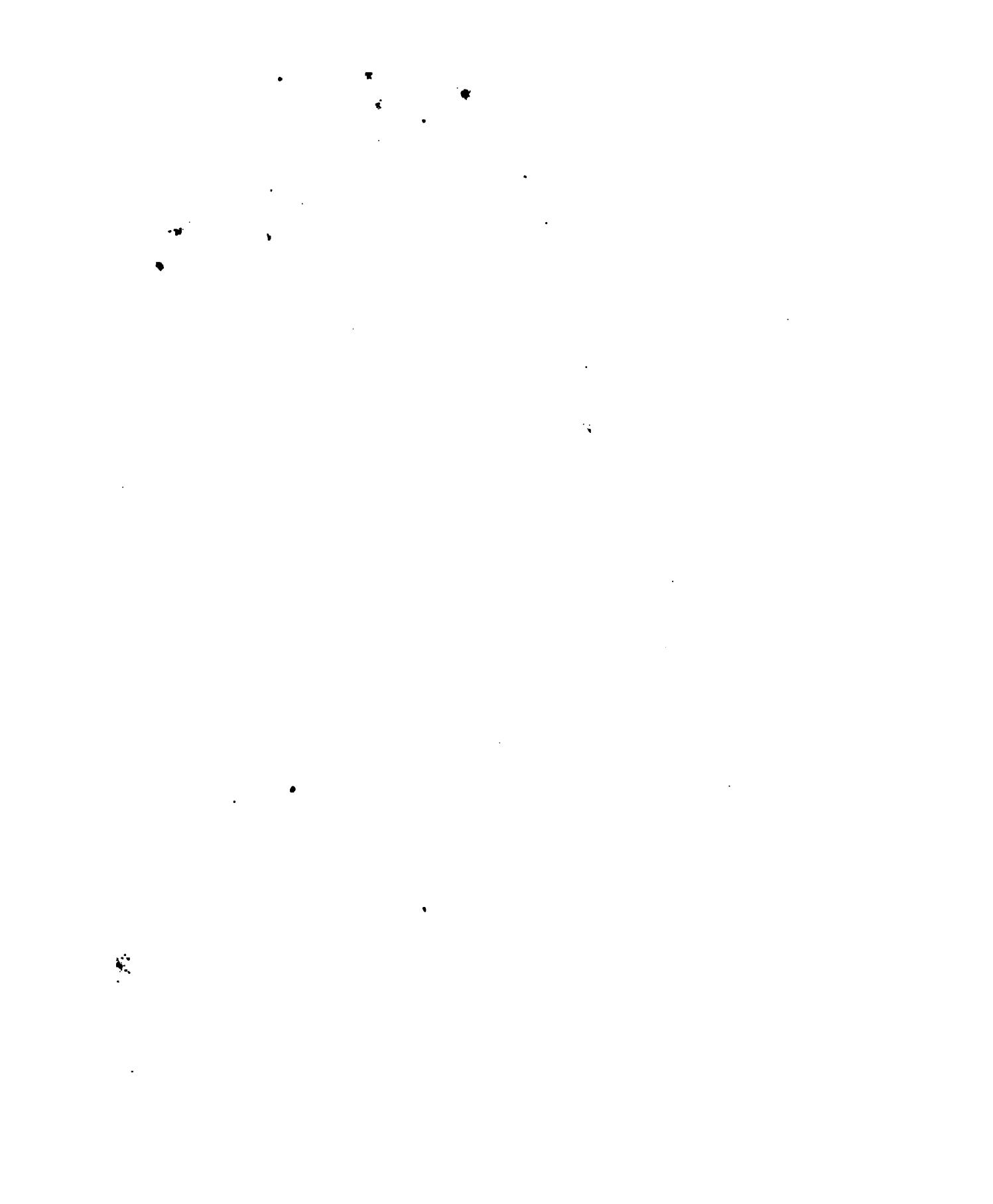
VOL. XIII.

- ✓ (a) ANTHONY SCOLOKER'S "Daiphantes, or The Passions of Love," etc.
(1604.)
- ✓ (b) DOLARNY'S "Primeroise," etc. (1606.)
- ✓ (c) THOMAS BASTARD'S Poems. (1566-1618.)

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D A I P H A N T V S,
OR
The Passions of Love, etc.
(1604.)

By ANTHONY SCOLOKER, Gentleman.

II.
DOLARNYS PRIMEROSE,
ETC.
(1606.)

By JOHN RAYNOLDS.

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INTRODUCTION.

I. ANTHONY SCOLOKER.

IN the reign of Edward VI. (1547 onward) a Printer and Translator named ANTHONY SCOLOKER is familiar to Bibliophiles. His books—mostly tiny— are of the extremest rarity and consequent costliness. Neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian can boast of exemplars of very many of them. In the former I have read these two :

A Godly
dysputacion betwene a Chri-
sten Shoemaker, and a Popyshe Par-
son with two other Persones more,
done within the famous Citie
of Norembourgh.

Translated out of y^e Germayne
tongue into Englyshe. By
Anthony Scoloker.

Imprynted at London

by Anthony Scoloker. And

Wylliam Seres.

Dwellynge
wythout
Alders-
gate.

Anno. 1548.

¶ Cum Gratia et Priuilegio Impri-
mendum solum.

(48 small leaves — B. M. 3932, c.)

S A Pota-

ble collection of diuers and fō-
dry places of the sacred scriptures
which make to the declaratyon of
the Lordes Prayer, Comenly
called the Pater
noster.

Gathered by the famous Clerke Master
Peter viret Frenchman.
And translated oute of Frenche into In-
glyshe, by Anthony Scoloker. The
vij. Daye of June. Anno
1548.

IMPRINTED
at London by Anthony Scoloker
Dwelling wythout Aldersgate
And Wylyā Seres Dwel-
lyng In the Elyc-
rentes in hul-
borne.

¶ Cum Gratia et priuilegio ad Impremendo
solum, Per Septennium.

(32 leaves — woodcuts.)

In the latter, there is a copy of the following: "The prayse and commendacion of suche as sought commonwelthes: and to the cōtrary, the ende and discommendacion of such as sought priuate welthes. Gathered both out of the Scripture and Phylosophers. Prov. xij. 7. Imprinted at London. Dwelling in the Saveyrēts wythout Temple barre. Cum priuilegio solum" (*n.d.*). Dibdin's Ames, *s.n.*, records these: (*a*) A Right Goodly rule how all Faythfull Christyans ought to occupye and exercyse themselues in their dayly prayers. Luke xxii. Math. vi. Christ teacheth vs in his Gospell, saying, Pray that ye fall not into temptation. With cuts. Imprinted by

Anthony Scoloker. Dwelling in St Botolphs paryshe. 1548. (b) The Right institucion of baptisme sett forth by the Reverend Father in Christ Herman Archebishop of Coleyne. Whereunto is also annexed a godly treatyse of Matrimonie, compyled by the famous Clerke and faithfull Evangelist Wolfgangus Musculus, no lesse frutefull the necessary for all godly ministers of christes church, translated by the vnprofitable seruant of Christ Richard Ryce. ¶ S. Mark. ¶ Suffer the infantes to come vnto me, and forbide them not, for vnto such the kyngdome of God is due. Imprinted by Anthony Scoloker. Dwelling in S. Botolphs Parish wythout Aldersgate (n.d.). (c) The Olde Fayth of greate Brittainye and the newe learnynge of Inglande (n.d.). (d) The Ordenarye for all faythfull Christians to lead a vertuous and godly lyfe here in this vale of miserie. Translated out of Dutch into Inglysh by Anthony Scoloker (n.d.). (e) Pyers Plowmans Exortation (n.d.). Watt (s.n.) gives these, (f) A certaine and sure Declaration that the World is at an ende, &c. Of the last day of Iudgement, or day of dome, and howe it shal come to passe. Translated out of the Germaine tongue. Ipswich 1547 (16mo). (g) Certaine Preceptes out of Zwingilius. Ipswich 1548 (16mo). (h) Sermons by Luther, Ochine, &c. 1548. It were not difficult to extend these lists from other Bibliographers and Arber's Stationers' Hall Register, and the like. It will be noticed that in the first two books whose title-pages are given, he is associated with William Seres. The "Disputation betweene a Christen Shomaker and a Popyshe Parson" is racy and even sparkling with humour. It is proof that the translator (Scoloker himself) had command of excellent idiomatic English. Unfortunately none of the authorities from whom we might reasonably expect information on the early English Printer and Translator gives us one iota. Neither have I been able at Ipswich to obtain one gleam of light upon him save this, that the imprint of *A ryght notable Sermon* by Luther in 1548 runs, "Im-

printed at Ippeswich by Anthony Scoloker dwellynge in S. Nycholas Paryshe." One thing lies on the surface, that he was a Protestant, and in thorough sympathy with the 'evangelical' teaching of the Reformers as distinguished from the superstitions and credulities of an effete Romanism.

I have gone back on this ancient Worthy because the probabilities are that our Anthony Scoloker was of his *kin*. Both Christian and surname being alike could scarcely be accidental or independent. But at present we can only surmise. I shall continue my researches, and in my intended supplementary part of Notes and Illustrations to the entire series of these Occasional Issues, it is my hope to be able to add something biographical.

Turning now from the man to his (apparently) one surviving book — herewith reproduced — there are two things in *Daiphantus* that warrant us in claiming special attention to it from all lovers and students of our early poetical literature. The first is the Shakespereana in it; the second, that the 'Passionate Mans Pilgrimage' at its close, was the first publication of this pathetic poem of Sir Walter Raleigh. I would, in the outset, notice these two things :

1. SHAKESPEREANA. In the facetious and quaint Epistle-dedicatory — by much, the best English of the whole book — there is (p. 3, l. 6 from bottom) this pleasant naming of Shakespeare — "to come home to the vulgars Element, like Friendly Shake-speares Tragedies, where the Comedian rides, when the Tragedian stands on Tip-toe." That word 'Friendly' is suggestive of personal knowledge and even condescending interest in the Writer. Again: The little paragraph continues, "Faith it should pleaseall, like Prince Hamlet. But in sadnesse, then it were to be feared he would runne mad: Insooth I will not be moone-sicke, to please : nor out of my wits though I displeased all." Further: There is an elaborated delineation of the Lover-lunatic or lunatic-Lover,

wherein Hamlet and Tasso (then dead ‘mad,’ only recently, 1595) are introduced. Let the reader turn to p. 35, st. 2, “At length he grew,” &c., and go forward to close of p. 38. In my judgment, the whole substance and suggestion of this extremely noticeable passage—whereof mere snips have been taken (two stanzas) by Douce, Furness, Ingleby, and others—make it clear that the impression made on Scoloker and the ‘vulgar,’ or people generally, was, (1) That Hamlet went mad, (2) That his madness was rooted in broodings over his ‘revenge.’ Then (3) The appearance of ‘Prince Hamlet’ (p. 36, st. 3, ll. 5-6) seems decisive, that Burbage, the great actor, dressed for the part as a mad-man. This he never would have ventured to do without Shakespeare’s sanction; and so (*meo judicio*) the thing determines itself, whatever be our theory of Hamlet’s insanity, real and assumed. Shakespeare-students will find it rewarding to think-out the present vivid portraiture of the lover-lunatic in its completeness.

These notelets on the passage may find a place here :

Page 35, st. 3, l. 5, ‘it’ = itself.

“ 36, st. 1, l. 2, ‘Siege of Brest’ = by Henry IV. (held by Spain) in 1594; *ib.*, st. 2, l. 6, ‘than’ = then; *ib.*, st. 3, ll. 1-2, Query — Is it a consequence of Hamlet’s player’s speech? *ib.*, l. 3 = proves that their Poets, even their best-poets, are bawds; *ib.*, ll. 5-6 — a noteworthy record of how ‘Prince Hamlet’ was then in certain scenes acted, as thus annotated by Miss L. Toulmin Smith in the new edition of Dr. Ingleby’s *Centurie of Prayse* (1879) — “The last two lines give a curious glimpse of how Hamlet appeared on the stage in Shakespeare’s day; the writer probably means that he wore nothing over his shirt, or, as we should say, appeared “in his shirt sleeves” (p. 64); *ib.*, l. 6, ‘*He haue revenge, or harrow up my will*’ = tear to pieces, destroy — another Hamlet word, e.g., “It *harrowes* me with fear and wonder” (i, 1), and “lightest word would *harrow up* my soul” (i, 5). Cf. *Coriolanus* (v, 3) ‘harrow Italy’.

“ 37, st. 4, l. 6, ‘rent’ — we should rather say ‘rend,’ *rent* being used as active, and in present imperative.

Once more: at p. 11, st. 4, l. 3, we have a reminiscence of *Romeo and Juliet* (i, 5) “Or, a faire Iewell by an Ethiope worne,” which is only a slight variation on “a rich jewel in

an Ethiop's ear." Similarly—at p. 29, st. 4, l. 1, 'Oh, I would weare her, in my hearts heart-gore,' sends us to *Hamlet* (iii, 2)—where in 1604, quarto, as in the folio of 1623, we read:

‘and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart.’

Of course 'gore' is a misprint in *Daiphantus* for 'core.' Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his recently-issued *Memoranda on the Tragedy of Hamlet*—for a gift-copy of which I am grateful—observes, "the corresponding passage in Shakespeare being found in the edition of 1604, not in that of 1603" (p. 54). *Daiphantus* was published in 1604. It does not appear in the *Stationers' Register*. It is to be recalled, that at p. 4, l. 25, 'if he haue caught up half a Line of others' prepares us for finding just such Shakespeare reminiscences as the foregoing in it. Elsewhere, words common to Shakespeare and contemporaries occur, e.g., 'render,' as = afford, grant, in p. 15, l. 9. See Schmidt, s.v.: 'Mappe of sorrow,' p. 39, l. 2—'map of woe' of Titus Andronicus (iii, 2). It is impossible, with present lights, to say what distinction was meant by the single as against the double commas, as on p. 15. It is quite certain that neither served as quotation marks.

2. PASSIONATE MAN'S PILGRIMAGE. In the Ven. Archdeacon Hannah's *Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose* (1870), this poem is headed by him "Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage, circ. 1603"? In relative foot-note he further informs us—"In MS., Ashm. 38, No. 70, it is entitled, 'Verses made by Sr Walter Raleigh the night before he was beheaded'; a date probably taken by inference from the closing lines. In a MS. belonging to the late Mr. [William] Pickering, the title is the same as is here given from the old editions of Raleigh's 'Remaines.' There are many other early copies; in the last of which the two concluding lines are omitted" (p. 27).* The Archdeacon was unaware at the

* This couplet runs :

“ Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.”

time that the poem had been printed so early as 1604 along with *Daiphantus*. The fact that it did so appear gives us the tantalizing information that Anthony Scoloker must have been so intimate with the illustrious Raleigh as to have obtained this poem from him for publication, which—added to the other that he could speak of ‘Friendly Shakespeare’—makes us yearn for more knowledge of him. The publication, in 1604, of the poem demolishes the Ashmolean *MS.* inscription. But as Archdeacon Hannah writes me—“He was found guilty in 1603 by the jury; he was sentenced to death by the Chief Justice; and his reference to his probably impending death was therefore more than rhetorical.” The poem is doubtless accurately dated 1603. The hastiest Reader discerns the infinite superiority of the *Passionate Mans Pilgrimage* to *Daiphantus* at its best, so that, though the title-page is ambiguous, it can scarcely be doubted that to Raleigh, not to Scoloker, it belongs. It is easily to be understood, that the great Prisoner would not care to have his name appear as author of the poem. The various readings between the text in *Daiphantus* and that in *Courtly Poets* are not important. A few may be recorded: p. 49, l. 9, ‘a white [=pallid] Palmer’ is preferable to ‘quiet palmer,’ and perhaps ‘Trauels to’ to ‘Trauelleth towards’ (l. 10), and ‘And drinke my eternali fill’ to ‘And drink mine everlasting fill.’ Certainly (p. 50, l. 1) ‘And’ is better than ‘Then,’ and ‘That haue shooke off their gownes of clay’ to ‘That haue cast off their rags of clay.’ The pathetic portrait of Sir John Eliot, taken a few days before his death, shows the kind of ‘gown’ State-prisoners wore. In l. 4, for our ‘goe’ the other reads ‘walk,’ and l. 5, for our ‘bring’ is ‘take,’ and for ‘slake’ is ‘quench,’ and l. 7 reads ‘And taste of nectar suckets.’ In l. 13, for our ‘holie’ the other reads ‘blessed.’ Other variations make the lines less rythymical. The allusions (p. 50, l. 22, to the ‘King’s attorney,’ and the line ‘blood must be my body’s balmer’—which contains a double allusion to his mode of ‘expected’ death—are of those

an Ethiop's ear." Similarly—at p. 29.
would weare her, in my hearts heart.
Hamlet (iii, 2)—where in 1604, quart.
1623, we read:

‘and I will wear
In my harts core, I in my hart
Of course ‘gore’ is a misprint in *Dai*,
J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his rec.
on the Tragedy of Hamlet—for a
grateful—observes, “the correspong
speare being found in the editio
1603” (p. 54). *Daiphantus* was
not appear in the *Stationers' R*
that at p. 4. l. 25, ‘if he haue c
prepares us for finding just s:
as the foregoing in it. Elsev
speare and contemporaries

grant, in p. 15, l. 9. See
p. 39, l. 2 = 'map of woe'
impossible, with present
meant by the single as
15. It is quite certain th.

2. PASSIONATE MA
deacon Hannah's Co
(1870), this poem is
Pilgrimage, *circ.* 17
informs us—"In N
made by Sr Walk
headed'; a date
ing lines. In a
Pickering, the t
editions of Ra
early copies;
are omitted."

* This could

— could add
by perhaps
authors in this
interval of sus-
cept his reprieve,
action had not
the poem with
of our literary
— confirms his
leading in our
the point of death,'
can he 'supposed'
man's axe.

conveniently the Poet had
in 28. 'his' = is with
es and Illustrations, in
t' in Scotland pro-
remmed by Scotchmen,
requent one). In Dr.
spers to me — "But
sometimes," suggested
when a body has a sus-
all he's gotten eyther
ng there" (c. iv.). So
Cecil. A.C.: *Forbes* of
the *Autheur* is
not
regular on to Milton

the *classifications*.
source of the regular
is the end of the line.
e., 'sea' — query =
e., 'increasing' being

"We are here, we must
get out, and that fond
boy will be ours."

stock comparison. See *Dreams* and Chester's *Love's*
[apparently means 'he courted
... it that [he was] not lov'd, it
tanza.

better sense if we read 'he,' the
sun and her throughout. When
two suns. Cf. also l. 5, as to who

ture [,].

... a fashion of the time, and is several
Author; l. 11, 'Faires' = fairies.

embryon — used incorrectly for womb or
is tears is his heart; l. 12, 'too too' — as
Shakespeare and later; *ibid.*, ll. 21-22, obscure.
cured turns to madness — but irrelevant and

'mize' = he [shall] burne, frieze, &c.; l. 13 —

... b and ought to have been printed 'iest.'

'wo' — here 'three' — there being only 'two' — is
introduced to make up the rhyme.

used, r.g. — glidde, is = bright or shining.

quited. The word ending in the consonant t the d
... uses. Many instances of this occur in Shakespeare, as
'quit' in *Tempest* for 'quitted.' So in next line 'spight' is for
'spighted' = spited.

— scan badly, and so elsewhere.

— delete [,] after 'harme.'

l. 14, 'His Verses ceas'd her,' or rather 'she seized them'; l. 17,
'Mottoes' — odd use of the word.

l. 4, 'and' — query in sleep?

l. 15, ll. 19-24. See my edition of Nicholas Breton for kindred 'sweet
singing' with semi-refrain.

26, l. 14, 'Art and Nature strove' — recalls the lines under Shakespeare's
portrait.

.., 33, l. 6 — what connection with preceding? l. 22, 'incomber' — a vicious
and unusual use of the word. It was chosen to rhyme to
'slumber,' and as seeming to give sense. The numerals in
this stanza are for the reader to see not to pronounce. They
are = asterisk, &c., that refer to lines and names, 1, 2, 3, 4.
So page 44.

.., 36, l. 1 — either 'Beare' or 'Bears' — better former; l. 3, 'against the
heare' = hair = contrary (to what they ought).

.., 39, l. 23, 'writ' — query, 'read?'

.., 42, l. 4 = 'not [been] afear'd.'

.., 44, l. 10, 'sustained' = held up [by her].

.., 47, l. 2, 'high' = high.

I do not claim anything like genius for Anthony Scoloker as the poet of *Daiphantus*; but apart from those details that must ever impart to it rare interest, there are occasional bits that shew a certain fine touch. Glancing over it one notes this verse-portrait :

“ His face was faire, full comely was his feature,
Lip’t like the Cherrie, with a Wantons eye :
A *Mars* in anger, yet a *Venus* Creature,
Made part of *Cynthia*, most of *Mercurie* :
A pittied soule, so made of *Loue* and hate,
Though still belou’d, in *Loue* vnfortunat.”

Companion to this is p. 11, st. 2 :

“ Her beautie pearleffe, pearleffe is her minde,
Her body matchlesse, matchlesse are her thoughts :
Her selfe but one, but one like her we finde,
Her wealth’s her vertue : (such vertue is not bought)
, This is a heauen on earth, makes her diuine ;
, This is the Sunne, obscures where it doth shin[e].”

So too st. 4 on same page :

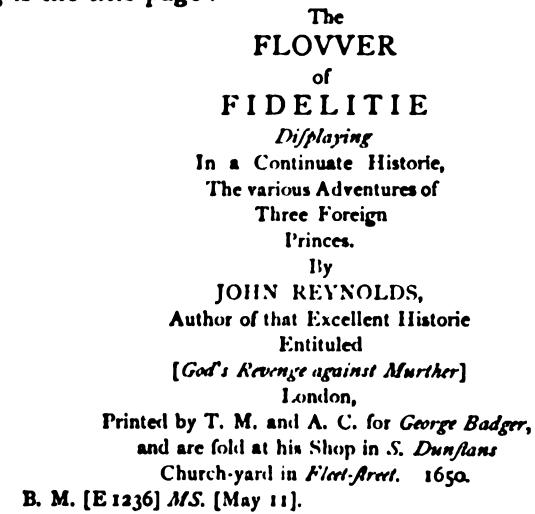
“ As a blacke vaile vpon the wings of morne,
Brings forth a day as cleere as *Venus* face,
Or, a faire Iewell by an *Ethiope* worne,
Inricheth much the eye, which it doth grace,
Such is her beautie, if it well be told,
Plac’st in a Iettie Chariot set with gold.”

This recalls Sidney’s *Stella* in her radiant and dazzling and unique beauty. There are, sometimes, well-put single lines, e.g., “A fained Loue, must find a fained pitty,” and “Whose once a villaine, still is counted soule” (p. 15). So throughout. There is all too often merest ‘padding,’ and as often obscure irrelevancies and inartistic words; but after every deduction *Daiphantus* is a poem that deserves our revival of it, all the more that the few copies (30) printed for the ‘Roxburghe Club,’ in 1818, by Sir Roger Wilbraham, are not to be had at any price, whilst our text by recurrence to the original in the Bodleian (accounted unique) is purer. It must be added that the *Daiphantus* of our Author had no relation to the Theban of the name who was slain at the battle of Mantinea, B.C. 362, so pathetically associated with Epaminondas.

II. JOHN RAYNOLDS.

In the British Museum catalogue under John Reynolds, there is added "Merchant at Exeter," while in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Handbook to the Popular, Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration* (1867), he is described as "of the Mint in the Tower." Confirmatory of the former is a statement in the dedication of a first portion of his largest work, *The Triumph of God's Revenge against Murther*, to Buckingham, that it had been "sent from beyond seas" to the Printer—thereby suggesting that he may have belonged to a somewhat numerous class of Englishmen at the period, known as "Merchant-adventurers." I have come on nothing connecting him with the 'Mint,' or rather I am not satisfied that the little volume of *Tables of Gold and Silver Coins* (1651) is by him, as I feel all but certain that the *Epigrammata. Auctora Ioanne Reinoldo in LL. Baccalaureo Novi Collegii Socio* (1611), was by another of the same name. There are manifold indications in his known books, that he had received no academic training—spite of the motto from Seneca and a familiar proverbial saying in title-page—albeit he must have picked up a certain amount of knowledge of living languages in, probably, his voyaging 'beyond seas.' In 1622, the same year that he published the first portion of his *Triumph of God's Revenge against Murther*, he had issued a translation of Refugees' *Treatise of the Court* (London 1622). He thus refers to it in his epistle-dedicatory to Charles I. of the completed edition of *God's Revenge* in 1635: "I am the rather emboldened to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like, when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdome, I (about eleven years since) presented a Translation of a Worke of Monsieur de Refuge, intituled A Treatise of the Court; the Gratioust and Undeserued Acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with farther Courage, to present you (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater

treatise of mine owne Labour, your Majestie will not (I hope) condemne me of groundlesse Presumption." One other book by him is of importance and interest in relation to *Dolarnys Primrose*—now herewith reproduced—for, though a poor story in poor fantastic prose, it contains a series of poems in which the same phrasing and peculiarity of wording that are found in it, abound throughout. As a story, this book, *The Flower of Fidelitie* (1650), is as poor as possible, its style being a deteriorated *Emphusism*, and its sentiments mere trashy sentimentalism; but unless I much mistake, there are things in the poems not unworthy of resurrection. Accordingly I would, at this point, furnish these poems in the order of their occurrence. The following is the title-page :



There comes next a singular epistle-dedicatory :

Epistle-dedicatory.

"To the right Worshipful, his loving Father-in-Law, *Richard Waltham*
 Esquire, and Justice of Peace and Quorum in the County of
 Devon : John Reynolds, your obedient sonne, wifeth as much
 prosperity as the Gods can distribute, or you desire.

If the Golden Axioms (Right Worshipful) of graue Pyth~~er~~
 authentical, I am then by the influence of his flor-

induc'd to belieue, that courtesies once received ought to be repaid with thanks ; which harmonical Nectar-sentence predicating the (*Dædalian*) cittadell of my abrupt Muse, as also presenting th' Idæa of your kindnesse before the Theater of my contemplations ; I could in conceit reap no (Ambrosian) applause of my capacity, until (although in *Baucis* homely dish) I had presented you with the first *April*-fruits of my cerebosities extraction : by vertue of which audacious resolution (arming my Muse with obedience, and my Pen with submissiue humility) I have presum'd to present you this my unpolished Pamphlet, or rather to betake my Flower of Fidelitie under the (benigne) wings of your worthy patronage : the material whereof (albeit deriv'd from the Index of *Cytherea*) I have so overvailed with the maske of chaste modesty, that I hope not onely the apparition of scandalising method is abolished, but also the physnomy of superfluous amorous terms (which may not correspond with the character of your complexion) utterly raz'd out. Accept therefore worthily Worshipful, this my peevish Pamphlet, as the pledge of my zealous affection ; and grace my Flower of Fidelitie with this happinesse, to be estab'd in the fragrant Garden of your flourishing Library : so shall I esteeme my labours coroniz'd with the Laurel of content, my Muse invested with the exquisite Trophies of applause, and my selfe smothered up in the Terrestrial Eden of fortunate delectation.

Your obedient son and devoted seruant
John Reynolds."

Now for the successive poems :

*A sonnet sent by the Author
to all Beauteous and Vertuous Gentlewomen.*

" You Soveraigne Nymphs, whose Crimson-chrystral Dye,
Obscures the taint of Juno's Lovely face, [= tint
You which for sumptuous Princely Modesty
Like faire Diana through the streets do trace,
Come leave your taskes, and with a gracious looke,
Peruse the method of my Pamphlet-Booke.

Therein doth no Lascivious phrase remaine,
But onely sparkes of chaste FIDELITIE.
Wherefore sweet Nymphs let me this Boone obtaine,
That midst your triumphs in May's jollity,
Together with your Diapred Nofegayes faire
You will vouchsafe my faithful FLOWER to wear."

J. R.

C

Excellina's Epitaph.

" Within this Ivorie Tombe doth lie
 The Phoenix of pure Modeftie,
 Sweet Excelline, whose Beauty rare
 With Helen's taint may well compare ;
 Nay, Helen's taint surpassing fure,
 Which did the Grecians Loue procure ;
 Being in Jove's Imperiall fight,
 A Nymph excelling Juno bright :
 Cut off by fatall sisters three.
 In confluence of Love's plauditee.
 Therefore if any passe this way,
 With penitentiall teares doe pray,
 That she may in th' Elizian Plaine
 Until Eternitie remain ;
 Still crown'd with Hearts delicious joy
 And freed from rage of dire annoy " (pp. 34-5).

" So sit thee down accloy'd with lovely care,
 Begert with flowers of Cytherea's fire ;
 And to the Woods relate the taint most faire
 Of her which did thy youthfull breast inspire :
 And figh and say,
 Oh Beauty gay,
 The causer of thy mournfull Lay !
 First shew the Trees and fragrant verdant Bowers
 The piercing looks of thy Athelia's eye ;
 Next tell the streams, and dainty Flora's flowers,
 The sweet Idaea of her jollity :
 And figh and say,
 Oh Beauty gay,
 The causer of thy mournful lay !
 Then to the Sylvanes, Satyres, Nymphs divine,
 Depaint the glistering haire, white front most pure,
 Together with her beauty Chrystaline,
 Which did thy Paphian torments first procure :
 And figh and say,
 Oh Beauty gay,
 The causer of thy mournful Lay !
 Nay, to the shrine of Venus stately Throne,
 Strain forth the prafe and gracious rarity
 Of her whose beauty made thy breast to moane
 With plaints and teares of love's perplexity :
 And figh and say,
 Oh Beauty gay,
 The causer of thy mournful Lay !" (pp. 43-4).

Thalmo to Athelia.

“ Athelia faire, the Image of my mind,
The Mistresse of my thoughts, my heart and breast ;
Exile th’ appearance of all frownes unkind,
And all disdainful looks do now devest ;
Behold the torments of thy beautie’s power,
Which pierc’d mine heart in an untimely houre.

Your lofty front, the Throne of Graces faire,
Amidst whose milk-white foyles doth alwayes fleet
Celestiall Veynes of purpled blood most rare,
Which fometimes stray, and then again do meet ;
Hath so inflam’d my heart with lovely fire,
That of all Saints, your selfe I do desire.

Your splendant haire, fine threds of nature’s skill,
Which doth obscure the brightnesse of thy funne ;
Hath so combin’d my Heart with fancie’s fill,
That their Idea in my thoughts do run ;
In such strange fort, that when I think to flumber,
A thousand lovely toyes my brains do cumber.

Your eyes like glistering Starres divinely bright,
Do shine most faire, as having sacred power
To draw all those which do approach their sight,
Captives unto their beauteous prison’s Tower ;
Amongst the rest, my selfe at first espie,
Was forc’d to love; wherein I meane to dye.

Your lovely cheeks within whose center spring
Two dainty flowers, the Rose and Lily faire,
At first espy did to my fenses bring
The thought (O thought !) of future pleasure rare ;
Which glads my soule, and makes my heart revive,
When as my hope into despaire doth driue.

Within my tortured breast your fanguine fight
Hath pitched his Tent, and swears there to remain,
And still as Gardien both by day and night,
The keyes thereof doth vow for to retaine ;
The faire resemblance of whose dainty view,
Doth force my breast his Loue for to renew.

All sweet perfections, Beauty, Virtue, Grace,
Which do adorn the April of your age,
Do force me secretly for to imbrace,
Your dainty selfe, to whom I do engage
My Loue, my life, my fervice, constancie,
My fetled Faith, and firm Fidelity.” (pp. 54-5.)

The causeur of thy mournful Lay !
Venus, in the bosome of her stately Throne,
trans forth the pride and gracious rarity
of her white beauty made thy breast to moane
With plaints and teares of love's perplexity :
And sigh and say,
Oh Beauty gay,
The causeur of thy mournful Lay !” (pp. 434).

Sonnet by Mersilva.

“ Fortune is frail, and changeth with the wind,
Riches do fade, and Beauty foon doth flie,
Honour is droffe, and Glorie now I find
With Time’s instinct doth in oblivion die.
What then is Riches, but a Summer’s shower?
What then is Beauty, but a Winter’s-blaze?
What then is Honour, but a Withering-flower?
Or what is Glory, but the world’s amaze?
Riches and Beauty, Honour, Glory, all,
Are they not subiect to Time’s deity?
Yes, time doth caufe their splendor for to fall
At the affignment of his soueraignty.” (p. 73.)

Florina.

“ The Picture of Florina faire
Within my Breast doth finely spring ;
Her lovely selfe, and beauty rare
Unto my fenses joyes doth bring.

Her sweet delightfull colour pure,
Unto my throbbed thoughts doth send
Some hope of constant Loue secure,
Which dainty Loue I still attend.

Her constant Eyes, like stars most bright,
Doth always shine within my minde :
Her Lilly hew, and lovely sight,
Printed within my breast I find.

Her cherry-cheeks of taint most faire,
In snow-white fields doth lurke and lie ;
Her coral-lips like pastures rare,
Doth force me there for food to flie.

Her azured Veins like Rivers pure
Through dainty foyles doth fleet and run,
Her slender Waſte did foon procure
My ſtedfaſt loue long ſince begun.

Her ſpeech moft ſweet unto my mind
At all times eaſe for grief doth ſend ;
Her pretty face, behaviour kind,
Likewiſe ſome ſhew of loue doth lend.

Her modeft grace, Vermilion hue,
Like Claret-colour fair doth ſhew ;
Her ſelf, her ſight, and ſmiles moft true,
In loue with her did make me grow.

Her Beauty fair at first espie,
 Inforc'd my mind her self to loue.
 Therefore Florina, till I die,
 Most constant to your self Ile prove." (pp. 89-90.)

Another :

" You little Birds, flie swiftly to my Dear,
 And there vnsfold my faithful constancy :
 Tell her, my loyal Loue shall firm appear,
 And while I live, all others I defie :
 Unfold my minde, and make her know for sure,
 Her Grace and Beauty did my Loue procure.

You whistling Winds, go tell my Mistresse fair,
 That still til death her Beauteous self I loue ;
 Disclose to her, that first her taint most rare,
 To Cupid's loue my tender Breast did moue :
 Vow, swear and plead by right of reason's law,
 That first her sight my Breast to loue did draw.

You fun-bright Beams of Phebus splendant light,
 When with your golden Haire through azure skies,
 You wipe the Dew from dainty flowers bright,
 Go tell my Mistresse, that her piercing Eyes
 At first prospect did so my heart inchain,
 That constant to her still I must remain.

You pleasant Flowers which in faire Gardens spring,
 Relate unto my sweetest saint most faire,
 That still her absence doth annoyes me bring,
 And alwayes doth my joy with guest impaire :
 Go plainly tell that when I lose her sight,
 My fun is foon obscured with darkefome night.

You stately Woods, inform my Phoenix faire,
 That in your lofty verdant trees most tall,
 I have with faithful Pen, as well elwhere,
 Engrav'd her name which first did work my thrall,
 And written for her fake full many a time,
 In dainty morn of Lady May's chief prime.

You Valleys fair, in midft whereof doth run,
 Sweet silver streams of dainty water pure :
 Go tell my goddesse, that my love begun,
 Till death, and after death must needs endure :
 Run swiftly, run, and swear, till final end,
 A thousand righes for her sweet fake I send. (pp. 91-2.)

A Love-Dream.

" When darksome night began to vest apace
Her V[g]lie Mantle on the Sun-bright day ;
When Clouds obscure refolv'd to run their race,
And with the pale-fac'd Moon to sport and play ;
Lo then, even then as flumbersome on my Bed,
A lovely Dream ore-whelm'd my drowsie head.

Me thought I saw my dear Florina faire,
Sitting alone in princely modest sort,
Within the circuit of a golden Chaire ;
Where with her tears her heauenly haire did sport,
In night attire, a Coif of Holland pure,
Whereas she sigh'd, and sometimes slept secure.

A Cloak of milk-white Damask did she beare
All lin'd with azured Sattin end for end ;
And likewise under that, a robe did wear
Of blushing skarlet, which did to me send
The sight (faire sight) of Velvet slippers pure,
Wherein her naked Feet did rest endure.

Her Colour pale, and yet as Chrystal clear,
Did freshly shine within her Angel face ;
Her cherry Lips, wherein delight did pear,
Again did deck her hue with lovely grace ;
Grace so compleat, as Art can neuer blame,
Nor once the like Dame Nature may not frame.

And yet amid'st her Lily Cheeks did spring
A bloomy Rose of Crymson sanguine hue ;
Which sight unto my gladsome breast did bring
Celestiall joys, which did my heart subdue.
Her splendant Eyes like stars divinely bright,
Did shine most faire, within my fancie's sight.

Sight, which did force my trembling self to trace
Unto the presence of my beautious Dear,
Whoe when she saw me, with a princely grace
She rous'd her spirits, yet fraighted with some fear,
Began to sigh, ith' mid'st her sighes did say,
Oh welcome Medor ! Feare fly now away.

And then me thought, Oh ! I with arms outspread
Did softly take my faire Florina kinde,
And laid her on her dainty maiden Bed,
Whereto in honest sort I alwayes lin'd, [=lained or laid ?
And gave her many a time, a chaste sweet kispe,
Which then was sole contentment of my blisse.

Introduction.

Whereas she soon with lonely teares did pray,
 And praying blush'd, and blushing pray'd again,
 That I would then Dame Honour's hefts obey,
 And from all Venus-toyes my self refrain :
 Whereto at first I soon did condescend,
 And so in talk we both the time did spend.
 At last in trembling sort she faltring, said,
 Since (Parma) now thou hast perform'd my will,
 And instantly my deare command obey'd,
 No doubt hereafter thou shalt joy thy fill :
 For Jove will grant, where men aright require,
 In honest sort their chieffest heart's desire.
 Which having said, away she clean did saile
 Quite from my sight in twinkling of an eye,
 And so for slumbering sleep mine eyes soon made
 The fresh Aurora quickly to espie :
 When day was come, I knew 'twas but a Dream,
 Whereof the thought doth breed me woes extream."

(pp. 92-4.)

A left Nysgay of his Lady-loue Athelia.

" Say Crimson-Rose, and dainty Daſſadil,
 With Violet blew ;
 Since you haue ſeen the beauty of my Saint,
 And eke her view :
 Did not her ſight (fair ſight) you louely fill
 With ſweet delight
 Of Goddesse grace and Angels ſacred taint,
 In fine, moft bright ?
 Say, golden Prim-rose, fanguine Couſlip faire,
 With Pinck moft fine ;
 Since you beheld the Viſage of my Dear,
 And Eyes divine :
 Did not her globy Front, and gliſtering Hair,
 With Cheeks moft ſweet,
 So gloriously like Damask flowers appear,
 The gods to greet ?
 Say, ſnow-white Lily, ſpeckled Gilly-flower,
 With Daisie gay :
 Since you haue viewed the Queen of my deſire
 In braue array :
 Did not her Ivory Paps, fair Venus Bower,
 With heauenly glee
 Of Juno's grace, conju're you to require
 Her face to ſee ?

Say Rose, say Daffadil, and Violet blew,
with Primrose faire ;
Since you haue seen my Nymph's sweet dainty face,
And jesture rare :
Did not, bright Coulpe, bloomy Pinck, her view
White Lily, shone,
Ah, Gilly-flowers, and Daifie, with a grace,
Like stars divine?" (pp. 96-7.)

To Athelia.

"Earth's onely Phoenix, Map of modeſtie,
Angel of grace, pure Paragon of praiſe :
Ah, from your breast now banish cruelty,
That yet in fine, ſome hope I may eraife ! [=raise]
Faire Saint, bright ſoueraign of my tender breast,
Sweet Nymph, Dear darling of heauen's Deity,
How may my Muse with endleſſe grief oppreft,
Display the pourtraict of my miſery !
Ah ſure, my Muse, nor yet Parnaffus train,
Cannot relate my burning heart's defrie ;
Because in beautie's fire I doe remain,
Fire, which I fear will life and breast deſtroy.
Will lovely fire deſtroy both life and all ?
Then welcome Death, ſweet actor of my eaſe :
Ah, on thy ſacred influence I call,
Beauſte thy tortures beſt my minde doth pleafe.
Come Death ! else, Dear, invest my ſuite with Loue ;
With Love which of your ſelf I doe implore ;
That fo your baſhful ſweet conſent may moue
Jove's diety my life for to reſtore.
Else, Minion of my thoughts, faire Saint, farewel,
Farewell my joy, my breast's ſweet extaſie,
And Cupid, to the world now weeping tell,
That firme and conſtant to my Nymph, I dye." (pp. 98-9.)

Prayer, with the last :

" Imperial Cupid ! on whose ſhrine
I doe preſent my Paſſion's rage,
And to whose Altar I refigne
My faithful loue, which I engage :
Here on my knees, I thee require
That my Athelia now may find
This baſhful Sonnet, whose deſire
Is to enjoy an anſwer kinde :

Introduction.

And let his fight hane perfect leane
 Her cruel Breast to mollifie ;
 That my pretence may once receive
 Some sacred signe of amitie." (p. 99.)

By Florina.

" Court harboureth Pride, whilst Country doth retain
 Instead thereof, most rich humiliati ;
 In Countrie's soyle, Love alwayes doth remain,
 Whil'ft Court doth nourishe vitiouſ emnity :
 Ambition still in Court doth pitch his Tent,
 And vowes even there to make his ſole demeure,
 Whil'ft in the Country friendly ſweet content
 Delightfully in Peace doth reſt ſecure." (p. 111.)

By Florina of Medor.

Though fortune 'reane me of thy wiſhed fight,
 And croſſe my Love perforce 'gaint my deſire ;
 Making my night ſeeme day, and day ſeeme night,
 And yet in both ſtill burn in endleſſe fire :
 Nay, though I flame, yet doth my foulē pretend
 In honouring thy ſelfe my life to end.

Though time detaine thee from my troubled eyes,
 And ſhroud my ſelfe for all my pale aspects,
 Yet in thy thought my wandering hope relies,
 And in thy abſence writes Love's intellects : [=knowledge, i.e.,
 Therefore, despight of time, thy Princely hue piercings.
 Shall cauſe my maiden-Loue for to renew.

Though destiny refolute for to compell
 My ſenſe for to forget thy memory,
 Or think to make my conſtant breast expell
 The ſweete reſemblance of thine amity :
 Yet neuer ſhall his power me once conſtrain,
 So wauering to my Mædor to remain.
 In fine, though fortune, time, and destiny,
 Would bend their force to make me leave to love,
 Or join in league of rageful unity,
 To cauſe me to my Mædor faithleſſe prove :
 Yet neuer ſhall (despite their force) my minde,
 To other Love then Medor's be enclin'd." (pp. 111-12.)

Lament for lady-love.

" Might I but dye (Ah !) in this mournful state,
 Then were my death the Actor of my eafe ;
 For then my death would to the world relate
 What Saint was ſubject to my Breast's diſeaſe.

Should death relate (Ah !) no, death must conceale
The dainty Mistresse of my earthly joy.
Live then in peace ; yet feare still to reveale
The heauenly Actresse of thy Heart's annoy.
Ah ! Yet not actresse of thy endlesse paine,
But the sweet Angel of thy Breast's desire ;
Therefore with Loue immortally remain,
Within the jewel of her Beautie's fire." (p. 142.)

A Fancie.

" First Fish shall flie within the Element,
And Aiery-Birds liue in the Ocean Sea ;
Fair Phæbus shall forsake the Firmament,
And scorne to grace the cincture of the Day :
Thetis shall wander o're proud Atlas top,
And Nilus cease to water Egypt's land ;
The Earth unto the Skies shall fountains drop,
And Neptune's Face refuse to kisse the strand :
All ships shall fail upon the maffie Main, [= *'solid, i.e., frozen.*]
And Aetna frieze at splendor of the Sun ;
Dame Cytherea quite shall lose her train,
And Elephants like Clouds in aire shall run :
Lebanus-Cedars shall like thistles spring,
And Hyfop-topes asprie unto the skie ;
From Thule to Gange the Dormouse voice shall ring,
And Gnats shall drink all Brooks and Rivers dry,
Before th' Idea of Florina's sight
Shall once have power from me to take his flight."

(pp. 143-4.)

The Authores Farewel to his Book.

" Untimely Imp ! conceiv'd by destiny,
Produc'd by fate of Muses plaudity !
Saile through the watry Bowers of Neptune's plain,
Thy native home, fair Albion's Isle to gain ;
Whose dainty soile sweet lovely Flora gay
With fragrant Roses, Lilies, doth array.
Where being landed, if thou chance to light
Within the ken of Friend's prospective sight,
Then rest in peace, securely there remain,
As long as kindly he doth thee retain :
But if by fate again thou chance to flie
Within the lists of any Soillist's eye, [= *Zoillist.*]
Which with detraction seeks to blast thy face,
Or else triumph in acting thy disgrace ;
From such ambitious fellows, swiftly skip,

Incorination.

... return, thy Top-sailes hift a-trip; [= hoist.
... by Wind, and thy conception rue:
... my Pamphlet-Book, farewell, adieu.

J. R.

— ~~the~~ short and odd closing epistle must not be

The Author's Epistle to the (Gentlemen) Readers.

Having finished the essence of this my peevish
given (for a while) my Critical Muse exact
to repose in the vastal grave of silence; I
congratulate with my capacity, whether I shduld
my abortive Else, before the Theatre of the
Accumulation, or else (with the Midwifes of Egypt) make
house of his projection, the (untimely) sepulchre of
catastrophe: so that premeditating seriously in so
a conflict, how to circumference my conceits within
limits of (amiable) unity; I at last in the *Chaos*
tempered cerebrosity, felt the citadel of my
very dangerously assaulted by two martial
Rivals: the one was called Discretion, the other
with authentical motives (before the Bar
artificially pleaded for a definitive sentence: first
who with the phisnomy of a cheerful
related, that in this golden age of Poetry
mention hath pierc'd the Aire, and is leng since
(in the skie) I should not perfume to
my Eagled Muse, but rather nip her
tunes, and so compel her to observe a
which might best correspond with the influence
An ardent desire I had to allow of this
Nature instantly (with tears in her eyes, and
her jangling about her routhful cheeks) began
rights to plead for audience, and so submissively
to my feet, spake as followeth: Imbue
hands in the innocent blood of

again (from Cylla to Charibdes) fell into the dedale of effeminate despaire; but at last delicious consolation (presenting me with the *Ariadnes* thred of comfort) brought me out of the labyrinth of perplexity, by falling to this (peremptory) resolution, to betake my Else to the world, thereby to enjoy the Nectar of a future peaceable tranquility. So now Gentlemen, by virtue of the premises, I here send you my pamphlet, not appalled in *Arcadian* suits, nor embellished in Faery ornaments, but rather wrapt in a thred-bare mantle of simplicity, stich'd with Ignorance, lin'd with Illititure, and fac'd with Folly; wherein you shall find nothing (by the Pensel of *Apelles*) polished, but all things, (with the Poem of *Aphramius*) imperfect, and to conclude, every Line wanting the dulcid (stellified) method of (these our times) ingenious (*Parnassus*) curiosity: nevertheless my poor unsavory Poem was predestinated to be seen; and therefore, what the Fates impose for a period, I have not perfumed to contradict with denial: Now Gentlemen, having perused (at your leasures) the harsh (discordant) phrasēs of my Pamphlet, and with impartial contemplation waded through the Bryars of my imbecility, I do stand as a trembling offender before the (benigne) Bar of your favours, fearing lest meritoriously I have incur'd your (cholerick) indignation, in presuming to consecrate my peevish* Labours to the stately Presse; but pardon Gentlemen I befeech you my audacious resolution, and at the sincere imploration of my Juvenility excuse my fondling Mule, for not charactering finer invention: mean while, if I understand you give my *Flower of Fidelity*; but the least shew of a gracious acceptance, I will this Winter inforce my self to be conversant with the Muses, and compel my quill to quaffe a (Nectar) drawn at the sacred fount of *Castalia*, to the end that the next ensuing Summer I may present your capacities with some fine conceited Pamphlet of greater demerit [= *merit*].

John Reynolds.

(pp. 188-190.)

The *Flower of Fidelitie* must have been exceptionally popular. It ran through many editions. A seventh edition of 1721 is before me, "now much amplify'd by several hands," and also "with amendments and alterations." Curiously enough, of these 'alterations' the main consists

* By 'peevish,' was meant trifling, small and idle, as before he calls it 'untimely imp,' 'pamphlet book,' abortive else.'

of a displacing of Raynolds' own poems and replacing of them with far inferior, except that Shirley's famous "Glories of our Birth and State" is one of the additions.

Mr. Hazlitt (as before) assigns the following to Raynolds, as he does the *Epigrammata* of 1611: "A Discourse of Martha Taylor, the famed Derbyshire Damsell, her prodigious Abstinence by twelve months' fasting proving that, without any miracle, the texture of humane bodies may be so altered, that life may be long continued without the supplies of meat and drink. 1669. 4°." I have not seen this work; but it is scarcely likely that our John Raynolds, who published *Dolarnys Primerose* in 1606, would be still publishing in 1669. For myself, I must conclude that the bibliographers have mixed up at least three, and not impossibly four, John Raynolds or Reynoldses. I have spelled his name as 'Raynolds' because such is his own spelling in (1) The anagram of 'Dolarnys Primerose,' and in (2) The epistle-dedicatory to Esme Stewart Lord of Aubignuy, as well as in the little poem addressed to him, and in Abraham Sauere's poem to the author—the second mis-spelled 'Reynolds' in the 'Roxburghe Club' reprint.* As with Anthony Scoloker, I hope to continue inquiries about Reynolds, through willing helpers. Meantime in so far as biography is concerned, no more than SIR FRANCIS FREELING, am I able to give anything more. I hope that local researches in Exeter, and among Wills, will result in some fresh data and certainties as between the poet of *Dolarnys Primerose* and other Raynolds or Reynoldses. I do not think any student of *Dolarnys Primerose* will doubt that the *Flower of Fidelitie* came from the same poet, while the latter's title-page assures us that he was the 'John Reynolds' of *God's Revenge against Murther*. It

* Seeing that while he anagrammatizes his name of Raynolds by Dolarnys, he nevertheless gives his name in full to the epistle, and is addressed as Raynolds by Sauere; it needed no witch to give the name of the author of *Dolarnys Primerose*. (See Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, s.n.)

seems strange that the author of so large and notable a book as the folio of *God's Revenge*, and of so long popular a book as the *Flower of Fidelitie*, should have so utterly been forgotten in our usual authorities, biographers, and county-historians.

Passing now to the book in hand, its one vital element is the long meditation or soliloquy of the Hermit on the human 'skull.' Every Shakespeare-student must be glad to have this in full, seeing that—as with *Diaphantus*—the snippets hitherto given—from Haslewood (*British Bibliographer*, vol. i, p. 153, 1810) to Mr. C. Elliott Browne (*Athenaeum*, 22 May 1875), and Mr. H. H. Furness's *Variorum, Hamlet* (i, p. 386), and Miss Smith's Ingleby's *Centurie* (1879)—excite, rather than gratify curiosity. I ask my readers to turn to p. 84, st. 3, and read onward to p. 86. Then compare with *Hamlet* (v, 1) as thus :

[Gravedigger] " *Throws up another skull.*

Hamlet. There's another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where lie his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?"

Further :

First Clown. " Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

First Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

First Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet. This?

First Clown. E'en that.

Hamlet. Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick ! — I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. — Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that. — Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that, my lord ?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th' earth ?

Horatio. E'en so.

Hamlet. And smelt so ? puh ! [Puts down the skull.]

Horatio. E'en so, my lord.

Hamlet. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Horatio. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it ; as thus : Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam ; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away ;
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expell the winter's flaw !”

Mr. Furness (as before) intercalates of *Dolarnys Primerose* “[which, despite the eulogy of Shakespeare contained in it, Caldecott pronounces ‘a very mean performance’].” There is no ‘eulogy of Shakespeare’ in *Dolarnys Primerose*, except the tacit one of amplifying Hamlet’s words on the ‘skull.’ Miss L. Toulmin Smith in the *Centurie* (as before) annotates the *bit* taken from the poem thus : “Raynold’s [Raynolds’] verses are perhaps a closer parallel than Thomas Randolph’s reminiscences of the same scene in his *Jealous Louers*, 1632.” “If these verses may be taken as an undoubted allusion to Hamlet, not the least interesting is the first quoted above, which describes exactly the action of Hamlet on taking up the skull in use on the stage at the present

day, and may fairly be supposed to bear reference to what Raynolds and the playgoers of his day had before their eyes in the grave-digger's [grave-diggers'] scene. It is to be observed that no authority for this action, the turning, soft stroking, smiling, &c., is to be found in the play itself." Thus, as in *Daiphantus*, its description of Hamlet's dress or undress is valuable—as we have seen—so in *Dolarnys Primeroose*, the action of Hamlet with the skull must be accepted as described, not imagined.

In Notes and Illustrations—at the close—will be found such notices of points as seemed called for. These additional I give here after re-reading the whole book, and as partly promised in the Notes and Illustrations.

In limine, I must repeat that, as in several places pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations, I have felt constrained to correct the punctuation. Whether author's or Printer's there is the oddest, as absurdest, placing of a comma in the middle of the line, irrespective of sense, e.g., between adjective and noun, p. 64, st. 4, l. 3, 'lofty, gresses.' Perhaps I have erred in not re-punctuating throughout. *As it is*, I have satisfied myself with the *minimum* of correction, as feeling that though probably authors left this very much to their printers, it is interesting to take heed to the gradual evolution from chaos of systematic punctuation. The Notes and Illustrations in the places will enable the reader to judge of my wisdom or unwisdom.

Of 'Abraham Sauere Gentleman,' who writes "In laudem Authoris" (p. 59), nothing has apparently come down.

The opening of the poem has a certain sweetness and graciousness, reminding one of the landscapes in Sevres china :

" When flowring May, had with her morning deawes,
Watred the meadows, and the vallies greene,
The tender Lambes, with nimble-footed Eawes,
Came forth to meeete, the wanton sommers Queene :
The liuely Kidds, came with the little Fawnes,
Tripping with speed, ouer the pleafant lawnes." (p. 61 st. 1.)

Here is another :

" For why ? that forest, as pleasantly was plait,
 As if delight, shold lodge betwene two paps,
 Freed with content from Boreas northera blast,
 Or as a Carpet, twixt two Ladyes laps :
 Luxuri'd round, with their displaying tresses,
 Whose amber shade, that golden Carpet blesset."

(p. 65, st. 4.)

Again :

" The rouling pibbles, and the flinty stones,
 Were softly by a shallow current turned,
 The murmering water, played with siluer ton's,
 Loth to depart, and staying running mourned :
 Whose trickling-christall, musicke-sounding voice,
 Into mine eares, did yeeld a pleasing noyse.

Such were the mirth, and pleasant harmony,
 The Organ ayre, did gently seeme to make,
 With dulcean straynes, of heavenly melody,
 As once *Merrario* whispered by the Lake :
 Whose trembling breath, new descants did devise,
 Till *Innoer Argus*, clof'd his hundred eyes.

The pritty birds, did beare a sweete record,
 The bubbling streames, the vnder-long did keepe,
 The dallyng wind, such musicke did afford,
 That almost rockt, my sensies fast a sleepe :
 And well neare cauf'd me, for to take a nappe,
 As I lay musing, in yong *Talus* lappe."

(p. 66.)

Once more :

" For neare that place a stately pine did grow,
 Angerly shaking, of his leany crowne,
 At whose sterne feet, the humble thrubs did bow,
 Fearing the terror, of his rugged frown'e :
 Vnder whose armes, a wofull man did dwell,
 The which did hold, that bower for his cell."

(p. 67, st. 2.)

Finer still are the epithets here :

" For that he then, began to moue his eyes,
 His earth-like hands, his heauie troncke did rayse,
 His sighs did vault, into the dimmed skyes,
 His tongue forgat not how his loue to prayse :
 But fearing least, his secrets should be spied,
 From *Frn* *e pried."*

(p. 70, st. 5.)

Pathetic, is this :

" Dead is my loue, dead are my hopes and Ioyes,
accursed Fates, that of my loue bereft mee,
Curst be al hopes, let hopes be haplesse toyes,
For loue, and Ioy, hope, hap, and all hath left mee :
And I remaine, vnceffantlie to cry,
Still lyuing, still, ten thoufand deaths to die." (p. 75, st. .)

This is dainty :

" Then with his pitcher, he came in againe,
Fill'd with fayre water, from a fountain cleare,
And purer farre, then siluer drops of raine,
That falleth in, the Aprill of the yeare :
Then with these words, he tooke mee by the hand,
You see your fare, now doo not musing stand." (p. 84, st. .)

Well-wrought and touched of tenderness is a description
of the 'hour-glass' :

" Then in his hand, he tooke the houre glasse,
And these like words, to me he did bewraye :
Behold saith he, how here the time doth passe,
Tread you vpright, or go you quite a stray :
Here may you fee, how swift your time doth runne,
And ceaseth not, vntill your life be done.

This glasse euen now, was full of slippery sand,
This glasse euen now, was like the prime of youth,
This glasse euen now, was fill'd with plentyes hand,
Only in this, you may behold times truth :

Here you may fee, that time is alwayes sliding,
This is a mirrour, of fickle tim[e]s abiding.

See how it glides, fee, fee, how fast it runne,
Say a good life, vpon this time did dwell,
wer't not too soone, his houre should be come,
If hee in vertue, others did excell :

No, were he *Moyses, David or Saloman,*
His time thus come, his life must needs be gon.

Now 'tis full out, the lampe hath burn'd the oyle,
This hours funne, within this glasse is set,
Were this a man, he now were free'd from toyle,
All earthly labors now he would forget :

And as this sand, within this glasse lie still,
So should the earth his breathlesse body hill." (pp. 87-8.)

From the foreign scenes and speakers of the poem, it is

difficult to determine who were intended by certain names introduced, e.g.:

" Yet doth he liue, eternized with glory,
 That sweetly sung renowned Scipioes warres,
 He liues that told .Emilliae lasting story,
 Mixt with Anthonius and Octavius iarres :
 A thousand more, doo liue, whose fames doe ring,
 Yet none of dead Agricola will sing." (p. 102, st. 4.)

It is scarcely possible that Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* was meant by 'Anthonius and Octavius.'

There are, now and again, vivid lines, e.g.:

" The faire greene feeld, all sanguined ouer stood" (p. 108, l. 28.)

" Thus were they scatter'd, ore the purple plaine." (p. 109, l. 6.)

" Our maine-sailes all, of glassie Sattin faire,
 Our top-sailes were, most sumptuous to behold,
 Our spred top-gallants, trembling in the ayre,
 Were framed all, of glittiring cloth of gold :
 Our dallying ensignes, wau'ring in the skie,
 Were all imbold, with rich imbrodery." (p. 110, st. 4.)

" their thick breath, dimmed the cristall skies." (p. 114, l. 30.)

" For *Menmons* mother, then to world had brought,
 So faire a shewe, of crimson speckled light.
 All spangled ore, as if with Rubies wrought,
 The which did banish, black *Cimmeria* night :
 And glittiring *Phœbus*, then began to rife,
 Gracing the earth, from out the azure skies." (p. 115, st. 5.)

" The radiant torch, long since had burning left,
 And *Cynthia* pale, keeping a wanton vaine,
 Trimmed her selfe, like to a lauer deſte,
 Casting her glimpſes, towār'd faire *Lumen* plaine :
 Which louely obiect, cauſ'd her dazzling eyes,
 With triple brightnesse, to inrich the skies." (p. 123, st. 5.)

Besides noticeable words recorded in Notes and Illustrations I would recall these (1) p. 62, st. 3, l. 6. '*Dampf*' = *dampft* or *dumpt*, i.e., dejected, made to stoop, i.e., the 'lofty' tops of the trees — an odd use of the word; (2) p. 67, st. 4,

l. 3, '*his sobs his solace told*' = the source of his 'solace,' *i.e.*, confession to God as merciful to the penitent; (3) p. 79, st. 5, l. 5, '*Therfites like to vaunt it*' = an allusion to *Troilus and Cresseid*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall, as acted, 1603; (4) p. 113, st. 1, l. 3, '*See all the gulfes;*' &c. = shew them that they may avoid them; (5) p. 117, st. 3, l. 3, '*aduerse*' = adversary; (6) p. 123, st. 2, l. 1, '*Eurian*' = Eastern or East, *i.e.*, from Eurus, as in *Val. Fl.*, i, 530; *Claud. Laud. Stil.*, ii, 417; cf. *Ovid Met.*, ii, 160. (White and Riddell, *s.v.*)

As a whole *Dolarnys Primerose*, like *Daiphantvs*, cannot be placed among the 'imperishable stuff' of our national poetry. It were absurd to claim any lofty recognition for either ANTHONY SCOLOKER or JOHN RAYNOLDS. Scoloker has little of the idiomatic purity or raciness of his name-sake printer. English is, in his hands, a foreign tongue. Over and over again words and phrases are worked in, that give rhyme but small reason. There is, as a rule, smoothness; but his ear was not correct. Whilst there are the regulation ten syllables, sometimes more, the syllables are sometimes mis-accentuated and made into prose rather than iambic verse. The plot of *Daiphantvs* hangs loosely. Its one noticeable élément is the 'madness' of its hero—fetched, in all probability, from Hamlet's love for Ophelia, and his or her madness. By the way, it is to be remembered that Scoloker's view of Hamlet, as 'mad,' may have been derived from the fountain-head. His word, '*friendly Shakespeare*' —as before noted—would indicate as much. It was the more likely that he would ask '*friendly Shakespeare*', in that the point seems to have been debated, as appears from Jonson's, Dekker's, and Marston's skits at '*Hamlet*'. Raynolds has certainly a *copiositas verborum* absent in Scoloker. Deduct as largely as you may, their books contain things—as shewn—that deserve preservation, and so warrant our reproductions. My judgment is that everything, in any way shedding light on Shakespeare, ought to be revived in

integrity. With reference to *Dolarnys Primeroſe*, it may be of interest to the possessors of the 'Roxburghe Club' reprint (30 copies) to have this table of errata therein :

Epiſtle-dedicatorie—l. 3, 'bed-chamber' for 'bed-Chamber'; l. 4, 'giftes' for 'guiftes'; l. 6, 'Reynolds' for 'Raynolds'; p. 56, l. 5, 'Parraſius' for 'Parrhasius'; l. 14, 'ſtraynes' for 'ſtrayns'; l. 18, 'honourable' for 'honorable.'

In laudem Authoris—l. 8, 'Inchanc'd' for 'inchac'd'—making nonsense.

Page 65, l. 2 (from bottom), 'plays' for 'playes.'

„ 68, l. 15, 'wrongs' for 'wrong'—so spoiling the rhyme with long.

„ 70, l. 27, 'fault' for 'vault'—making unintelligible.

„ 71, l. 5, 'tell' for 'tel'; l. 21, 'perfute' for 'purſute.'

„ 72, l. 17, 'Fom' for 'From.'

„ 76, l. 30, 'Demogogons' for 'Demogorgons.'

„ 80, l. 26, 'scarcely' for 'ſcarfely.'

„ 81, l. 1, 'echoing' for 'ecchoing'—*et alibi*.

„ 82, l. 5, 'confiſt' for 'confiſts'—making nonsense; l. 7, 'he' for 'hee'—*et alibi*.

„ 84, l. 10, 'Hermits' for 'Heremits'—spoiling rhythm.

„ 85, l. 2, 'now' for 'nowe.'

„ 86, l. 4, 'thither' for 'thether.'

„ 87, l. 25, 'ſlippery' for 'ſlipery.'

„ 88, l. 1, 'faſte' for 'faſt'; l. 6, 'gone' for 'gon.'

„ 92, l. 15, 'leues' for 'leaves.'

„ 99, l. 3, 'darling' for 'daring'—making unintelligible.

„ 100, l. 25, 'tears' for 'teares.'

„ 102, l. 14, 'crown' for 'crown'd.'

„ 103, l. 19, 'ſometyme' for 'ſomtime'; l. 26, 'carriere' for 'cariere'—*et alibi*.

„ 104, l. 16, 't'encounter' for 't'incounter.'

„ 120, l. 10, 'fought' for 'ſought.'

It only remains that I thank right heartily ALFRED H. HUTH, Esq., for his kind loan of his (it is believed) unique exemplar of *Dolarnys Primeroſe*, and my always helpful friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, for many suggestions and notes in reading the proof-sheets of both poems.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's, Blackburn,
April 5th, 1880.*

DAIPHANTVS, OR

The Passions of Loue.

Comicall to Reade,

But Tragicall to Act:

As full of Wit, as Experience,

By An. Sc. Gentleman.

Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cartum.

Wherenvnto is added,

The passionate mans Pilgrimage.



L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. for William Cotton: And are to be sold
at his Shop neare Ludgate. 1604.



TO THE MIGHTIE, LEARNED,
and Ancient Potentate *Quisquis*; Emperour of ♫
King of Great and Little *A.* Prince of *B. C.* and *D. &c.*

Aliquis, wisheth the much increase of true Subiects,
free from *Passion Spleene*, and *Melancholy*: and
indued with *Vertue, Wifedome, and Magnanimitie.*

Or, to the Reader.



*N Epistle to the Reader; why? that must haue his Forehead, or first Entrance like a Courtier, Faire-spoken, and full of Expectation. His middle or Center like your Citizes ware-house, beautified with inticing vanities, though the true Riches consist of Bald Commodities. His Randeuow or conclusion like The Lawyers Cafe, able to pocket vp any matter: But let good words be your best Evidience. In the Generall, or Foundation he must be like Paules-Church, resolued to let every Knight and Gull trauell vpon him; yet his Particulars, or Lyneaments may be Royall as the Exchange, with ascending steps, promising Newe but costly deuices & fashions: It must haue Teeth like a Satyre, Eyes like a Cryticke, and yet may your Tongue speake false Latine, like your Panders and Bawdes of Poetrie. Your Genius and Species shoud march in battle aray with our Polititians: yet your Genius ought to liue with an honest soule indeed. It shoud be like the Neuer-too-well read Arcadia, where the Prose and Verce (Matter and Words) are like his Mistresses eyes, one still excelling another and without Coriuall: or to come home to the vulgars Element, like Friendly Shake-speares Tragedies, where the Comedian rides, when the Tragedian stands on Tip-toe: Faith it shoud please all, like Fringe Hamlet. But in sadnesse, then it were to be feared he would runne mad: Infooth I will not be moone-sicke, to please: nor out of my wits though I displeased all. What? Poet, are you in *Passion*, or out of *Loue*? This is as Strange as True:*

*whether I be a Foole
I am not well aduised.
I haue vp from diuine
wifte it out at my place
Then one of Hercules La-
ions best vertue. And but
yours, the Innes of Court, and
my night haue beene serued. As
well; if the Noble Aile bray
his Ecclasse, Maijor An. Dom.
the rore to the Rowels of his spurs,
the Wand: then let him ride
I could ride his Mistreſſe, I care not:
Quic, with the breaking of a Speare
or a faire Lady. There I leauue you,*

*Marcus: Your louing Subiect,
He is A man in Print, and tis enough
to ſing (yet not like a Ladie) though for
profeſſing for this poore Infant of his
Virginitie borne into the world in
his deare friends that tooke much paines
to haue him ſene laught at: And that if Truth haue
been ſet by her ſelfe, it were better to erre in Knowledge then in
ignorance. Why, he Dedicateth it to
his ſister, as his Mistreſſe, or So. His an-
ſwer is to creepe into Womens Fauours,
and ſeare. Also he deſireth you to helpe Cor-
nelius; which because the Authour is dead
and ſo he ſhall haue committed. And twas his folly,
to haue ſet an Epifle to the purpose.*

*Never, wooes he for your Fauor,
More ſagrant then *Omnia vincit Amor*.*



The Argument.



Aiphantus, a yonger Brother, very honourably descended, brought vp (but not borne in *Venice*) naturally subiect to Courting, but not to Loue: reputed a man, rather full of Complement then of true Curtesie: more desirous to be thought honest, then so to be wordish beyond discretion: promising more to all the friend-ship could challenge: Mutable in all his Actions, but his affections aiming indeed, to gaine opinion, rather then good will, challdging Loue from greatnessse, not from Merit: studious to abuse his owne wit by the common sale of his infirmities: Lastly, vnder the colour of his naturall affection (which indeed was very pleasant and delightfull) coueted to disgrace euery other to his owne discontent: a scourge to Beautie, a traytor to Women, and an Infidell to Loue. This He, this creature; at length falles in loue with two at one instant: yea, two of his neerest Allies, and so indifferently (yet outragiously) as what was commendable in the one, was admirable in the other: By which meanes as not despised, not regarded; if not deceiued, not pittied; they esteemed him as he was in Deed, not words: he protested, they iested: hee swore hee lou'de in sadnesse; they in sooth beleeu'de, but seemed to giue no crecence to him: thinking him so humorous as no resolusion could long be good, & holding this his attestation to them of affection in that kinde, more then his contesting against it before time. Thus ouercome of that he seemed to conquer, he became a flauue to his owne fortunes: Laden with much miserie, vtter mischiese seazed vpon him. He fell in

B

loue

... with a fourth.
Imprived in her
senses fell from he
aven of creation & went into
the bottom of the sea
and by tragicall Sciences
of fayre and foulnes
of not as earthly as
the humours of Earth
I did them, then I Act them,
and hee was recovered.
To recure him: Foure
and one with foure re
as vnuusuall streynes in
the art of Love, I will leauue
this only I will end with:

... write,
... to indite?





DAIPHANTVS

Proem.

I Sing the olde World in an Infant Storie,
I sing the new World in an auncient Dittie:
I sing this World: yea, this worlds shame and glory,
I sing a Medley, of rigor, and of Pittie:
I sing the Courts, Cyties, and the Countrey-fashions,
Yet sing I but of loue, and her strange passions.

I sing that Antheme, Louers sigh in sadnessse,
I sing sweete tunes of ioyes in wo-ven Verses:
I sing those Lines I once did act in madnesse,
I sing and weepe, (teares follow Births and Hertes.)
I sing a Dirge, a Furie did indight it,
I sing My Selfe, whilst I my Selfe do write it.

I innuocate (to grace my Artlesse labor)
The faithfull Goddesse, men call Memorie,
(True Poets treasure and their wits best fauour)
To decke my Muse with trueſt Poesie.
Though Loue write wel, yet Passio blindest th' affection,
“Man ne're rules right, that's in the leaſt ſubiection.

Sweete Memorie (ſoules life) new life increasing,
The eye of Iufice, tongue of eloquence;
The locke of Larning, Fountaine neuer ceasing,
The Cabinet of Secrets, Caske of Sence,
Which gouern'ſt Nature, teacheth man his awe.
That art all Conſcience, and yet rulſt by Law.





Daiphantus Proem.

*Blesse (thou) this Loue-song-ayre of my best wishes,
(Thou art the Parent nourisheth desire)
Blow gentle winds, safe land me at my Blisses,
,, Loue still mounts high, though Louers not aspire.
My Poem's truth, fond Poets feigne at pleasure,
,, A Louing Subject, is a Princes treasure.*





THE PASSIONS OF LOVE.

IN *Venice* faire, the Citie most admir'd ;
There liu'd a Gallant, who *Daiphantus* hight,
Right Nobly borne, well Letter'd, Lou'd, Desir'd,
Of euery Courtyer in their most delight :
, So full of Pleasaunce, that he seem'd to be,
, A man begot in *Venus* infancie.

His face was faire, full comely was his feature,
Lip't like the Cherrie, with a Wantons eye :
A *Mars* in anger, yet a *Venus* Creature,
Made part of *Cynthia*, most of *Mercurie* :
A pittied soule, so made of *Loue* and hate,
Though still belou'd, in *Loue* vnfornatue.

Thus made by Nature, *Fortune* did conspire,
To ballance him, with weight of *Cupids* Wings :
Passant in *Loue*, yet oft in great desire ;
Sudden in *Loue*, not stayd in any thing :
He courted all, not lou'd, and much did stroue,
To die for *Loue*, yet neuer meant to wiue.





The Passions of Loue.

As *Nature* made him faire, so likewise wittie,
(She not content) his thoughts thus very fickle ;
Fortune that gain'd him, plac'it him in this Citie
To wheele his head, which she had made most tickle.
Fortune made him belou'd and so distraught him,
His reynes let forth, he fell, and *Cupid* caught him.

Not farre from *Venice*, in an Abbie faire,
(Well wal'd about) two worthy Ladyes dwelt,
Who Virgins were ; so sweet and Debonayre
The ground they trod on, of their odour smelt :
Two Virgin-Sisters (matchlesse in a Pheare)
Had liued Virgins, wel-nigh eighteene yeare.

Euria the Elder Sister's nam'd
The other was *Vrania*, the wife :
Nature for making them was surely blam'd
Venus her selfe, by them all did despise.
,Such beauties, with such vertue, So combind
,That al exceeds ; yet nought exceeds their mind.

Euria, so shewes as doth the Sunne,
When mounted on the continent of Heauen :
Yet oft she's clowded, but when her glorie's come
Two Suns appere to make her glory euen. (bright
,Her smiles sends brightnes, when the Sun's not
,Her lookes giue beauty, whē the sun lends light.

Her





The Passions of Loue.

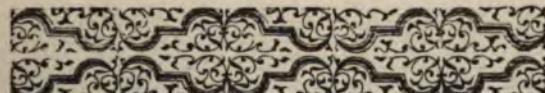
Modest and humble of *Nature* milde and sweete,
Vnmatched beauty with her vertue meeting :
Proud that her lowly bezaunce doth regreet
With her chaste silence ("Vertue euer keeping.)
, This is the Sunne, that sets, before it rise,
, This is a Starre. No lesse are both her eyes.

Her beautie pearlesse, pearlesse is her minde,
Her body matchlesse, matchlesse are her thoughts :
Her selfe but one, but one like her we finde,
Her wealth's her vertue : (such vertue is not bought)
, This is a heauen on earth, makes her diuine ;
, This is the Sunne, obscures where it doth shin[e].

Vrania next (Oh that I had that Art
Could write her worth) her worth no eye may see :
Or that her tongue (oh heauen) were now my hart,
what filuer Lines in showres should drop from me :
My heart she keepes, how can I then indite ?
, No heart-lesse creature, can *Loue-passions* write.

As a black vaile vpon the wings of morne,
Brings forth a day as cleere as *Venus* face,
Or, a faire Iewell by an *Ethiope* worne,
Inricheth much the eye, which it doth grace,
Such is her beautie, if it well be told,
Plac'ft in a Iettie Chariot set with gold.

Her





The Passions of Loue.

Her haire, Night's Canopie in mourning weedes
Is still inthron'd, when lockt within is feene
A Deitie, drawne by a paire of Steedes
Like *Venus* eyes, And if the like haue beene
 Her eyes two radiant Starres, but yet diuine ;
 Her face daies-fun, (heauen al) if once they shine.

Vpon the left side of this heauenly feature,
(In Curious worke) Nature hath set a Seale,
Wherein is writ : *This is a matchleffe Creature :*
Where wit and beautie striues for the appeale.
 The Judges chosde are *Loue & Fancie* ; They rise,
 And looking on her, left their eyes.

Her Wit and Beautie, were at many fraies,
Whether the deepe impressions did cause :
Nature, said Beautie ; *Art*, her Wit did praiise : (plause
Loue, thought her face ; her tongue had *Truths* ap-
 Whilest they contend, which was the better part ;
 I lent an Eie, She rob'd me of my heart.

Sisters these two are, like the Day and Night,
Their glories by their vertues they doe Merit :
One as the Day to see the others might,
The others Night, to shadow a high Spirit :
 „If all were Day, how could a Louer rest ?
 „Or if all Night, Louers were too much blest.

Both





The Passions of Loue.

Both faire. As eke their bodies tall and slender,
Both wise, yet Silence shewes their modestie :
Both graue, although they both are yong & tender :
Both humble hearted : Not in Pollicie
So faire, wife, graue, and humble are esteem'd,
, Yet what men see, the worst of them is deem'd.

,*Nature*, that made them faire, doth loue perfection ;
,What youth counts wisdō, Age doth bring to trial,
,Graue years in youth : in Age needs no direction :
,An humble heart deserues, findes no denyall.

Faires ring their Knells, & yet Fame neuer dies,
,,True Judgemēt's frō the hart, not from the eies.

These two, two Sisters, Cozens to this Louer ;
He often courts, As was his wonted fashion :
Who sweares alls fayre : yet hath no heart to proue
Seems still in Loue, or in a Louers passion, (her,
Now learn's this Lesson, & Loue-scoffers find it,
,,*Cupid* hits rightest whē Louers do least mind it.

Although his guise were fashion'd to his mind,
And wording Loue, As complement he vſde,
Seem'd still to iest at Loue, and Louers kind,
Neuer obtainde, but where he was refusde :
Yet now, his words with wit so are rewarded,
He loues, loues two, loues all ; of none regarded.

C

Now





The Passions of Loue.

Now he that laugh to heare true Louers sigh
Can bite his Lippes, vntill his heart doth bleed :
Who Iyb'd at al, loues al ; ech daies his night, (meed
Who scorn'd, now weeps & howles, writes his own
,He that would bandy Loue, is now the Ball,
,Who fear'd no hazard, himself hath tane the fall.

,Beautie and Vertue, who did praise the fashion,
,VVho Loue and Fancie thought a Comodie,
,Now is turn'd *Poet*, and writes Loue in Passion,
,His Verses fits the bleeding Tragedie :

In Willow weeds right wel he acts his part, (hart.
,,His Sceanes are teares, whose *Embryon* was his

He loues, where loue, to all doth proue disaster,
,His eyes no sooner see, but hee's straight blind ;
His kindred, friends, or foes, he followes faster
Then his owne good ; he's now but too too kind :

He that spent all, would faine find out loues trea-
Extremities are for extreams the measure. (sure,

Thus thinkes he of the words he spent in vaine ;
And wishes now his tongue had Eloquence :
Hee's dumbe, all motion (that) a world could gaine,
A Centre now without circumference : (Art,
Cupid with words, who fought : would teach him
Hath lost his tongue, and with it left his hart.

He





The Passions of Loue.

,He sweares he loues, (the heat doth proue the fire)
,He weepes his Loue, his teares shew his affection,
,He writes his Loue ; his Lynes plead his desire,
,He sings his Loue, the Dittie mournes the action,
 He sings, writs, weeps & sweares, that he's in sadnes
,,It is beleeu'd, not cur'd, Loue turnes to madnes.

,Loue once dissembled, Oaths are a grace most flen-
,Teares oft are heard *Embaffadors* for beauty: (der,
,Words writ in gold, an yron heart may render :
,A passion song shewes much more hope thē duty,
 Oaths spoke in teares ; words song, proue no true
,,A fained Loue, must find a fained pitty. (Ditty,

Thus is the good *Daiphantus* like the Flie
Who playing with the candle seeles the flame,
,,The smiles of scorne, are Louers miserie,
,,That soule's most vext, is grieued with his name.
 Though kind *Daiphantus*, do most loue protest,
,,Yet is his crosse, still to be thought in iest.

Poore torturde Louer, like a periurde soule,
Sweares till hee's hoarfe, yet neuer is beleuu'd,
,,(Whose once a Villaine, still is counted foule)
,,Oh wofull pittie, when with winde releeu'de, (be
 Learns this by rote, Though Loue vnconstant
,,They must proue constant, wil her comforts fee.

C 2

Now





The Passions of Loue.

Now to the humble heart of his dread Saint,
Eurialæ, he kneels, but's not regarded :

Then to *Vrania*, sighes till he growes faint,
Such is her wit, In silence hee's rewarded :

,His humble voyce, *Eurialæ* accuseth,
,His sighing Passion, *Vrania* refuseth.

,Then lifts he vp his eyes, but Heauen frowneth,
,Bowes downe his head : Earth is a Masse of sorrow :
,Runnes to the seas, the sea, it stormes and howleth ;
,Hies to the woods, the Birds sad tunes do borrow :
Heauē, Earth, sea, Woods & al things do cōspire,
,He burne in Loue, yet frieue in his desire.

The Ladyes Iest, command him to feigne still,
Tell him how one day, he may be in loue,
That Louers reason, hath not Loues free-will :
Smile in disdaine, to thinke of that he proues.
,Oh, me *Daiphantus*, how art thou aduif'd ?
,When hee's leſſe pittied, then he is despis'd.

They hold this but his humour, seeme so wise,
And many Louers stories forth do bring, (Flies,
Court him with Shaddowes, whilst hee catcheth
Byting his fingers till the blood forth spring,
Then do they much cōmend his careles passion,
,Call him a Louer of our Courtiers Fashion.

All





The Passions of Loue.

All this doe they in modestie ; yet free
From thinking him so honest as in truth,
Much leſſe ſo kinde, as to loue two or three,
Him neere allied, and he himſelfe a Youth :
, Till with the sweat which from his ſuffrings rife,
, His face is pearled, like the lights his eyes.

Then with his looke-down-cast, & trembling hand,
A high Dutch colour, and a Tongue like yce,
Apart with this *Euriale* to stand
Endeuours He ; This was his last diuice ;
, Yet in ſo humble ſtraines this Gallant courts her,
, The wind being hie, his breath it neuer hurts her.

Speechles thus standes he, till ſhe fear'd him dead,
And rubbes his temples, calls and cryes for ayde :
Water is fetcht and ſprung'd into his head,
Who then startes vp : from dreaming as he ſayd,
And crauing absence of all but this Saint,
He gan to court her, but with a heart right faint.

Bright starre of *Phæbus*, Goddeſſe of my thought,
Behold thy Vaffall, humbled on his knee :
Behold for thee, what Gods and Art hath wrought,
A man adorius, of Loue, the lowest degree :
I loue, I honor thee : (no more) There stayde,
As if forſworne : Euen ſo was he affrayde.

C 3

Euriale,





The Passions of Loue.

Eurialæ now spake (yet seem'd in wonder)
Her lips when parting, heauen did ope his treasure,
Oh do not, do not loue ; I will not funder
A heart in two, Loue hath nor height nor measure,
Liue still a Virgin ; Then Ile be thy louer, (her.
Heauē here did close : no toong could after moue

As if in heauen he was rauish'd so,
Oh Loue, oh Voice, oh Face, which is the glorie :
Oh Day, oh Night, oh Age, oh worlds of Ioy,
Of euery part true loue might write a storie
„Conuert my fighes, oh to some angells tongue,
„To die for Loue is life, death is best young.

She gone, *Vrania* came ; he on the flower,
But sight of her reui'd this noble syre ;
And as if *Mars* did thunder : words did shower,
„(Loue speakes in heate, when tis in most desire)
She made him mad, whose sight had him reui'de
Now speaks he plainly: stormes past, ¶ aire is glide.

Why was I made ? to beare such woe and griefe ?
Why was I borne ? But in Loue to be norisht ?
Why then for Loue ; Loue of all vertues chiefe,
And I not pittied, though I be not cherisht ?
What ? did my eyes offend in vertue seeing ?
Oh no ; true vertue is the Louers being.

Beaut:





The Passions of Loue.

„Beautie and vertue, are the twins of life,
„Loue is the mother which them forth doth bring :
„Wit with discretion ends the Louers strife,
„Patience with silence is a glorious thing.
„Loue crownes a man, loue giues to al due merit,
„Men without loue, are bodies without spirit.

„Loue to a mortall, is both life and treasure,
„Loue changd to wedlocke, doubleth in her glory,
„Loue is the Iem, whose worth is without measure,
„Fame dies, if not intombe[d] within Loues storie.
„Man that liues, liues not, if he wants content,
„Man that dies, dies not, if with Loues consent.

Thus spake *Daiphantus*, and thus spake he well,
Which wise *Vrania* well did vnderstand,
So well she like[d] it, As it did excell :
Now grac'd she him, with her white slender hand.
With words most sweet, A colour fresh and faire,
In heauenly speech, she gan his woes declare.

My good *Daiphantus* : Loue it is no toy,
Cupid though blind, yet strikes the heart at last, (ioy,
His force you feele whose power must breed your
This is the meede for scoffs you on him cast. (quite,
You loue, who scorn'd ; your loue with scorne is
You loue yet want, your loue with want is spight.

Loue





The Passions of Loue.

„*Loue* playes the Wanton, where she meanes to kill,
„*Loue* rides the Foole, and spurs without direction :
„*Loue* weepes like you, yet laughs at your good wil :
„*Loue* is of all things, but the true confection ;
„*Loue* is of euery thing : yet it self's but one thing :
„*Loue* is any thing ; yet indeed is nothing.

Wee Virgins know this ; (though not the force of
For we two Sisters liue as in a Cell : (*Loue*)
Nor do we scorne it, though we it not approue,
By Prayer we hope, her charmes for to repel.
And thus adew : But you in Progresse goe,
To finde fit place to warble forth your woe.

„Who first seekes mercie, is the last for griefe :
Thus did shee part ; whose Image stayd behind.
He in a trance stands mute, finds no relieve,
(For she was absent, whose tongue pleas'd his mind)
But like a hartlesse, & a hurtlesse Creature,
In admiration of so sweet a Feature.

At length look't vp ; his shaddow onely seeing,
Sighs to himselfe and weeps, yet silent stands,
Kneels, riseth, walkes, all this without true being,
Sure he was there ; though fettred in Loues-bands :
„His lips departed ; Parted were his blisses,
„Yet for pure *Loue*, each lip the other kisses.

Reuiu'd





The Passions of Loue.

Reui'd by this, or else Imagination,
Recalls things past, the time to come laments,
Records his Loue, but with an acclamation,
Repents himselfe, and all these Accidents :

Now with the wings of Loue he gins to raire,
His Loue to gaine, thus women he doth praise.

,Women than Men are purer creatures farre,
,The soule of soules, the blessed gift of Nature,
,To men a heauen, To men the brightest starre,
,The pearle that's matchles ; high without al stature,
,So full of goodnes, that bountie waiteth still
,Vpon their trencher, feeds them with free-will.

Where seeke we vertue, learne true Art or glory ?
Where finde we ioy that lasteth, still is spending ?
But in sweet women of mans life the Storie,
„Alpha they are, Omega is their ending :
Their vertues shine with such a fun of brightnes,
„Yet he's vnwise that looks in them for Lightnes.

Oh let my Pen relate mine owne decay,
There are, which are not (or which should not be)
Some shap't like saints, whose steps are not the way :
Oh, let my Verse, not name their infamie,
„These hurt not all ; but euen the wandring eye,
„VVhich fondly gapes for his owne miserie.

D

Thefe





The Passions of Loue.

These do not harme, the Honest or the Iust,
The faithfull Louer, or the vertuous Dame :
But thoſe whosſoules be onely giuen to Lust,
Care more for pleasure, then for worthy Fame.
But peace my *Muse*, for now me thinkes I heare,
An Angels voyce come warbling in my eare.

Not diſtant farre, within a Garden faire,
The ſweet *Arteſia* ſang vnto her Lute :
Her voyce charmde *Cupid*, and perfumde the Aire,
Made beaſts ſtand ſtill, and birds for to be mute.
„Her voice & beauty prou'd ſo ſad a ditty, (pitty.
VVho ſaw was blind, who heard, foone ſued for

(This Ladie was no Virgin, like the reſt,
Yet neare allied;) By *Florence Cittie* dwelling
„Nature, and Art, within her both were bleſt,
„+Musicke in her, and Loue had his excelling :
To viſite her faire Cozens of the came,
,Perhaps more iocound, but no whit to blame.

Fortune had croſt her with a churliſh Mate,
(Who *Strymon* hight) A Palmer was his Syre :
Full Nobly borne, And of a wealthy ſtate,
His ſonne a childe, not borne to his deſire.
,Thus was ſhe croſt, which cauſed her thereby,
,*Daiphantus* grieſe to mourne by Sympathie.

Daiphantus





The Passions of Loue.

Daiphantus hearing such a Swan-tun'd voyce,
VVas rauisht, As with Angells Melodie,
Though in this Laborinth blest, could not reioyce,
Nor yet could see, what brought this Harmony.
At length this Goddesse ceast ; began draw neare,
,Who whē he saw, he saw not, t'was her spheare.

Away then crept he, on his knees and hands,
To hide himself, thoght *Venus* came to plague him,
Which she espying "like the Sunne she stands,
"As with her beames, she thought for to awrage him :
,,But like the Sun, which gaz'd on, blinds the eie,
,,So He by her, and so refould to die.

At this in wonder, softly did she pace it,
Yet suddenly was stayd. His Verses ceaz'd her
Which he late writ, forgot, thus was he grac't,
She read them ouer, and the writing pleasd her :
,For *Cupid* fram'd two *Mottoes* in her hart,
,The one as *Dian's*, the other for his Dart.

,, She read & pittied, reading pittie taught :
,,She Lou'd and hated, Hate to loue did turne :
,,She smilde & wept, her weeping smiling brought :
,,She hop't & fear'd ; her hopes in feare did mourne :
She read, lou'd, smil'd & hop't, but twas in vaine ;
,Her teares still dread ; & pitty, hate did gaine.

D 2

,She





The Passions of Loue.

,She could haue lou'd him, such true verses making,
,She might haue lou'd him, and yet loue beguiling,
,She would haue kist him ; but fear'd his awaking,
,She might haue kist him, and sleep sweetly smiling.
,She thus afar'd, did scare what she most wished ;
,He thus in hope, still hop'd for that he missed.

He lookte, They two, long each on other gazed,
Sweet silence pleaded, what each other thought,
Thus Loue and Fancie both alike amazed,
As if their tongues and hearts had bin distraught.

Artefias voyce, thus courted him at length,
The more she spake the greater was his strength.

Good gentle Sir, your Fortunes I bemone,
And wish my state so happy as to ease you,
But she that grieude you, She it is alone, (pease you,
Whose breath can cure, and whose kind words ap-
VVere I that She ; heauē should my star extinguish,
If you but lou'd me, ere I would relinquish.

Yet noble Sir, I can no loue protest,
For I am wedded, (oh word full fraught with woe)
But in such manner, as good loue is blest,
In honest kindnesse, Ile not proue your foe :
Mine owne experience doth my counsell proue,
„I know to pittie, yet not care to loue.

A Sister





The Passions of Loue.

A Sister, yet nature hath giuen me,
A virgin true, right faire, and sweetly kind ;
If for her good, Fortune hath driuen me
To be a comfort : your heart shall be her minde,
 My woes yet tells me, she is best a maide : (staide.
 And heere she stopt her teares, her words thus

Daiphantus then in number without measure
Began her praises which no Pen can end,
Oh Saint, oh Sun of heauen and earth the treasure :
Who liues if not thy honour to defend ?
 „Ah me, what mortall can be in loue so strange,
 „That wedding vertue will a whoring range ?

She like the morning is still fresh and faire,
The Elements of her, they all do borrow :
The Earth, the Fire, the VVaters, and the Ayre,
There strength, heate, moisture, liuelines : no sorrow
 Can vertue change ? beauty hath but one place,
 The hearts still perfect ; though impald the face.

Oh eyes, no eyes, but Stars still cleerly shining,
Oh face, no face, but shape of Angells fashion :
Oh lips, no lips, but blisse, by kisse refining,
Oh heart, no heart, but of true loue right Passion,
 Oh eyes, face, lips, and heart, if not too cruell,
 To see, seele, taft, and loue, earths rarest Iewell.

D 3

This





The Passions of Loue.

This said, he pauf'd, new praises now deuising,
Kneels to *Apollo*, for his skill and Art,
When came the Ladies, At which he arising,
Twixt lip, and lip, he had nor lips nor heart.
His eyes, their eyes, so sweetly did incumber,
Although awak't, yet in a golden slumber.

Most like a Lion, raif'd from slumbring ease,
He cast his lookes full grimly them among :
,At length, he firmly knit what might appease
,His Brow : lok't stedfastly and long
,At one : till all their eyes with his eyes met alike
,On faire *Vitullia*; who his heart did strike.

Vitullia faire, yet browne, So mixt together,
As Art and Nature stroue, which was the purest :
So sweet her smilings were, a grace to either,
That heauens glorie in that face seem'd truest.
,,*Venus* excepted ; when the God her wooed,
,,Was ne're so faire, so tempting yet so good.

,VVonder not Mortalls, though all *Poets* faine,
The *Muses* Graces were in this She's fauour :
,Nor wonder, though he stroue his tongue to gaine,
For I leefe mine, in thinking of his labour.
,,Well may he loue, I write, & all wits praise her,
,,She's so all humble ; Learning cannot raise her.

Daphantus





The Passions of Loue.

,*Daiphantus* oft sigh't Oh ; oft said faire,
,Then lookes, and sighes : and thē cryes wonderfull ;
,Thus did he long : and truely t'was not rare
,The object was, which made his mind so dull.
,Pray pardon him ; for better to cry Oh,
,Then feele that passiō which caufed him sigh so.

Now, all were silent, not alone this Louer :
Till came *Ismenio*, Brother to this Saint, (proue her,
Whose haste made sweate, his tongue he could not
For this aga'ft him that his heart was faint :
Thus all amaz'd ; none knowing any cause,
,*Ismenio* breathlesse, here had time to pause.

At length *Ismenio*, who had wit and skill,
Question'd the reason of this strange effect :
At last related (Haste out-went his will)
He told them, he was sent them to direct (please,
VVhere hunting sports their eyes should better
Who first went foorth, *Daiphantus* most did ease.

They gone, *Daiphantus* to his Standish hies,
Thinkes in his writs *Vitullia's* beauties weare,
But what he wrote, his *Muse* not iustifies,
Bids him take time. " Loue badly writes in feare :
Her worthy praise if he would truly w[r]ite,
Her Kisses, *Nector*, must the same indite.

Art





The Passions of Loue.

(Art and sweet nature, let your influence droppe
From me like rayne ; Yes, yes, in golden showres :
„(Vvhose end is Vertue, let him neuer stoppe)
But fall on her like dewe on sprinkling flowers :
That both together meeting, may beget
An *Orpheus*, Two Iems in a soyle richly set.

Thus Rauisht, then distracted as was deem'd,
Not taught to write of Loue in this extreame,
In Loue, in feare, yea, trembling as it seem'd,
If praising her, he should not keepe the meane :
Thus vext he wept, his teares intreated pittie,
„(But Loue vnconstant, tunes a wosfull Dittie.

Now kneels to *Venus*, Faithfulnesse protested,
To this, none else, this was his onely Saint,
Vow'd c're her seruice, Or to be arrested
To *Venus* Censure ; Thus he left to faint :
His Loue brought wit, & wit engendred Sprite,
True loue and wit, thus learn'd him to indite.

As the milde lambe, runs forth frō shepheards fold,
By rauenous Woolues is caught and made a praye :
So is my Sence, by which Loue taketh hold,
Tormented more then any tonge can saye :
The difference is, they torturde so doe die,
I feede the torment, breeds my miserie.

Con-





The Passions of Loue.

,Consum'd by her I liue, such is her glory,
,Despis'd of her I loue, I more adore her,
Ile ne're write ought, but of her vertues storie,
„Beautie vnblasted is the eyes rich storē.

If I should die ; Oh who would ring loues knell ?
„Faint not *Daiphantus*, wife mē loue not so well.

Like Heauens Artist the Astronomer,
Gazing on Starres, oft to the Earth doth fall ;
So I *Daiphantus*, now Loues Harbinger,
Am quite condemned, to Loues Funerall :
„VVho falls by women, by them oft doth rise,
„Ladyes haue lips to kisse as well as Eyes.

But tush, thou foole, thou lou'ſt all thou feest, (neuer
VVho once thou louest, thou shouldest change her
Constant in Loue *Daiphantus* see thou beest,
If thou hope comfort, Loue but once, and euer.

Fortune, Oh, be so good to let me finde
A Ladie liuing, of this constant minde.

Oh, I would weare her, in my hearts heart-gore,
And place her on the continent of starres :
Thinke heauē and earth like her, had not one more,
VVould fight for her, till all my face were skarres.
,But if that women be such fickle Shees,
„Men may be like them in infirmities.

E

Oh,





The Passions of Love.

Oh no ; *Daphne*, women are not in.
Tis but their shadowes (Pictures merry painted) :
Then turn poore boor, (Oh heauen, not in my wo)
Then to *Vitellia* : with that word he painted.
Yet she that wounds, did heale. Ill her as heauen,
Odds is a man, a woman can make eme.

Oh (My) *Vitellia*, let me write That downe,
Oh sweete *Vitellia* ; nature made thee sweete.
Oh kind *Vitellia* ; Truth hath the farest ground :
Ill weepe, or laugh, so that our hearts may meet :
Love is not alwayes merry, nor still weeping,
A drop of each, Loues ioes are sweets in sleeping

(Her name) in golden letters on my brest Ill graue.
Around my temples in a garland weare,
My art shall be, her fauour for to have :
My learning still, her honour high to reare,
My lips shall close, but to her sacred name
My tongue be silent, but to spread her Fame.

In Woodes, Groves, Hills, *Vitellias* name shall ring
In Meadowes, Orchards, Gardens, sweetest & faire,
Ill leare the birds, her name alone to sing :
All Quires shall chaunt it in a heauenly Aire,
The Day shall be her Visher ; Night her Page :
Heauen her Pallace, and this Earth her stage.

Vergias,





The Passions of Loue.

,Virgins pure chafnes in her eyes shall be,
,Women, true loue from her true mind shall learne,
,Widdowes, their mourning in her face shall see,
,Children, their dutie in her speech discerne :

And all of them in loue with each but I,
Who feare her loue, will make me feare to die.

,My Orifons are still to please this creature,
,My valour sleepes, but when she is defended :
,My wits still Iaded, but when I praise her feature,
,My life is hers, In her begun, and ended.

Oh happy day, wherein I weare not willow :
Thrice blessed night ; wherin her breft's my pillow.

,Ile serue her, as the Mistresse of all pleasure,
,Ile loue her, as the Goddesse of my soule :
,Ile keepe her, as the Iewell of all treasure,
,Ile liue with her ; yet out of loues controule :
 ,That all may know ; I will not from her part,
 ,Ile double locke her, in my lips and heart.

,If ere I sigh, It shall be for her pittie,
,If ere I mourne, her Funerall drawes neare :
,If ere I sing : her vertue is the dittie,
,If ere I smile, her beautie is the spheare :
 ,All that I doe, is that I may admire her,
 ,All that I wish, is that I still desire her.

E 2

But





The Passions of Loue.

But peace *Daiphantes*: Musicke is onely sweete,
When without discord ; A Confort makes a heauē,
The eare is rauisht, when true voyces meeete,
.Odds, but in Musickē never makes things euen.

In voyces difference, breeds a pleasant Dittie ;
In loue, a difference brings a scornfull pittie.

VVhoſe was the tongue, *Euriale* defended ?
VVhoſe was the wit, *Vraxia* did praise ?
VVhoſe were the lips *Artegas* voice commended ?
Whose was the hart, lou'd all, al crown'd with baies :
 Sure t'was my ſelfe ; what did I ? O I tremble,
 Yet Ilc not weep, wiſe men may loue diſemble.

Fie no ; fond loue hath euer his reward,
A Sea of teares, A world of ſighes and grones :
Ah me, *Vitullia* will haue no regard
To eaſe my grieſe, and cure me of my mones :
 If once her eare, ſhould hearken to that voyce
 Relates my Fortunes in Loues ficklē choyſe.

But now, I will their worth with her's declare,
That Truth by Error, may haue her true beeing,
.Things good, are leſſened by the thing that's rare,
.Beautie increaſeth, by a blackneſſe ſeeing.
.W[h]o ſo is faire and chaſte, they ſure are beſt,
.Such is *Vitullia*, ſuch are all the reſt.

But





The Passions of Loue.

, But she is faire, and chaste, and wise, what then ?
, So are they all, without a difference :
, She's faire, chaste, wise, and kinde, yes to all men,
The rest are so : Number makes Excellence.
, She's faire, chaste, wise, kind, rich, yet humble,
, They three her equall : " vertue can never stumble.

, *Vitellia* is the Sunne, they starres of night,
, Yet night's the bofome wherin the Sun doth rest :
, The Moone her selfe borrowes of the Suns light,
'All by the starres take counseil to be biest.
, The day's the Sense : yet Cupid can it blind,
, The stars at night : sleepe cares ; troublid mind.

, She is a Rose, the fairest, to the frower,
She is a Late, whose bely times the Whifke,
She is my Pride, yet makes me sprake all Mirth,
She is my He, yet broken me with Misfike :
, She is a Virgin, that makes her a Israel,
She will not loue me, therin see is cred.

, *Faucombe* is like sleepe when sun is madde ;
, *Praise* is like a golden lumire,
, *Angels* wyrke like fauomes that makes man werry,
, *Flame* has a heat al thise incantacion.
, 1 Sleepe, 2 Summer : I created you a & last is
First Second Third but in the Fourth is last

✓





The Passions of Loue.

Oh, but *Vitullia*, what? She's wonders prittie,
Oh I, and what? so is she very faire;
Oh yes, and what? she's like her selfe most wittie:
And yet, what is she? She is all but Aire.
What can Earth be, but Earth? so we are all,
,Peace then my *Muse*; Opinion oft doth fall.

,*Eurialæ*, I honour for humilitie,
,*Vrania*, I reuerence for her wit,
,*Artesia*, I adore for true agillitie,
,Three *Graces* for the Goddesses most fit:
Each of these gifts are blessed in their faces,
Oh, what's *Vitullia*, who hath all these Graces?

She's but a Ladie, So are all the rest,
As pure, as sweet, as modest, yea as loyall;
Yes, She's the shadow (shadowes are the least)
Which tells the houre of vertue by her Dyall:
,By her, men see there is on earth a heauen,
,By thē, men know her vertues are match't euen

In praysing all, much time he vainly spent,
Yet thought none worthy but *Vitullia*;
Then cal'd to minde, he could not well repent
The loue he bare the wife *Vrania*.

Eurialæ, *Artesia*, all, such beauties had, (mad.
Which as they pleaf'd him, made him well nigh

Euria-





The Passions of Loue.

,*Eurialæ*, her beauty his eye-sight harmed,
,*Vrania*, her wit his tongue incensed,
,*Artesia*, her voyce his eares had charmed,
,Thus poore *Daiphantus*, was with loue tormented.

Vitullias beautie as he did impart,
The others vertues vanquished his heart.

At length he grew, as in an extasie
Twixt loue and loue, whose beautie was the truer,
His thoughts thus diuers as in a Lunacie,
He starts and stares, to see whose was the purer :
Oft treads a Maze, runs, suddenly then stayes,
Thus with himselfe, himself makes many frayes.

Now with his fingers, like a Barber snaps,
Playes with the fire-pan, as it were a Lute,
Vnties his shoe-strings, then his lips he laps,
Whistles awhile, and thinkes it is a Flute :
At length, a glasse presents it to his sight,
Where well he acts, fond loue in passions right.

His chin he strokes, sweares beardles men kisse best,
His lips anoynts, fayes Ladyes vse such fashions,
Spets on his Napkin ; termes that, the Bathing Iest,
Then on the dust, describes the Courtier's passion.

Then humble cal's : though they do still aspire,
'Ladies then fall, when Lords rise by Desire.

Then





The Passions of Loue.

Then stradling goes, saies Frenchmen feare no
Vowes he will trauaile, to the Siege of *Brest*, (Beares
Swears Captaines, they doe all against the heare :
Protests Tabacco, is A smoke-dride Iest,
Takes vp his pen, for a Tabacco-pipe ;
Thus all besmeard, each lip the other wipre.

His breath, he thinkes the smoke ; his tongue a cole,
Then calls for bottell-ale ; to quench his thirst :
Runs to his Inke-pot, drinkes, then stops the hole,
And thus growes madder, then he was at first.

Taffo, he finds, by that of *Hamlet*, thinkes (drinks.
Tearms him a mad-man ; than of his Inkhorne

Calls Players foole, the foole he iudgeth wisest,
Will learne them Action out of *Chaucers Pander* :
Proues of their Poets bawdes euen in the highest,
Then drinkes a health ; and sweares it is no slander.

Puts off his cloathes ; his shirt he onely weares,
Much like mad-*Hamlet* ; thus as Passion teares.

Who calls me forth from my distracted thought ?
Oh *Sermons*, If thou, I prethy speke ?
Reuenge if thou ? I was thy Riuall ought,
In purple gores Ile make the ghosts to reake :
Vitullia, oh *Vitullia*, be thou still,
Ile haue reuenge, or harrow vp my will.

Ile





The Passions of Loue.

Ile fallow vp the wrinkles of the earth,
Goe downe to Hell and knocke at *Plutoes* gate,
Ile turne the hilles to vallies : make a dearth
,Of vertuous honour to eternall Fate.
Ile beate the windes, & make the tydes keepe back,
Reigne in the sea, That Louers haue no wrack.

Yes, tell the Earth, it is a Murderer,
Hath slayne *Vitullia*, oh, *Vitullia's* dead :
Ile count blinde *Cupid* for a Conjuror,
And with wilde horses will I rend his head.
I with a Pickax, will plucke out his braines,
Laugh at this Boy, eafe Louers of much paines.

Oh then, Ile flie, Ile swim, yet stay ; and then
Ile ride the Moone, & make the cloudes my Horse,
,Make me a Ladder of the heads of men,
Clime vp to heauen : yes, my tongue will force
To Gods and Angels ; Oh, Ile neuer end,
Till for *Vitullia* all my cryes I spend.

Then like a spirit of pure Innocence,
Ile be all white, and yet behold Ile cry
Reuenge, Oh Louers this my sufferance,
Or else for Loue, for Loue, a soule must die.
Eurialae, Vraria, Artefa, Soe :
Heart rent in sunder, with these words of woe.

F

But





The Passions of Loue.

But soft, here comes : who comes ? and not calls out
Of Rape and Murder, Loue and Villanie :
„Stay wretched man, (who runs) doth neuer doubt
It is thy Soule, thy Saint, thy Deitie :
Then call the Birds to ring a mourning Knell,
For mad *Daiphantus*, who doth loue so well.

Oh sing a Song, parted in parcels three,
I'le beare the burthen still of all your grieve,
„Who is all woe, can tune his miserie
„To discontents, but not to his relieve.
Oh kisse her, kisse her, And yet do not do so : /wo.
They bring some ioy, but with short ioyes long

Vpon his knees ; Oh Goddesses behold,
A Caitife wretch bemoning his mishappe,
If cuer pittie, were hired without gold,
Lament *Daiphantus*, once in *Fortunes Lappe* : /ber,
Lament *Daiphantus*, whose good deeds now flū-
Lamēt a louer, whose wo no tongue can nūmber.

My woes : there did he stay, fell to the ground,
Rightly diuided into blood and teares,
As if those words had giuen a mortall wound,
So lay he foming, with the waight of cares.
Who this had seene, and seeing had not wept,
Their hearts were sure from crosses euer kept.

The





The Passions of Loue.

The Ladies all, who late from hunting came,
Vntimely came, to view this Mappe of sorrow,
Surely all wept, and sooth it was no shame,
For, from his grief, the world might truly borrow.

As he lay speechlesse, grou'ling, all vndrest,
So they stood weeping, silence was their best.

Ismenio with these Ladies bare a part, (why,
And much bemoan'de him, though he knew not
But kinde compassion, strooke him to the heart,
To see him mad : much better see one die.

Thus walkes *Ismenio*, and yet oft did pause :
At length, A writing made him know the cause.

He read, till words like thunder pierst his hart ;
He sight't, till sorrow seem'd it selfe to mourne,
He wept, till teares like ysacles did part,
He pittied so, that pittie hate did scorne.

He read to sigh, and weepe for pitties sake,
The lesse he read, the lesse his heart did quake.

At length resolu'd, he vp the writing takes,
And to the Ladies trauells as with childe,
The birth was Loue, (such loue as discord makes ;)
The Midwife *Patience*, thus in words full milde,
He writ with teares, that which with blood was
The more he read, the more they pittied it. (writ,

F 2

They





The Passions of Loue.

They looke vpon *Daiphantus*, he not seeing,
And wondred at him, but his fence was parted,
They lou'd him much ; though little was his being,
And sought to cure him, thogh he was saint harterd :

Ismenio thus, with speed resolues to ease him,
By a sweet song, his Sister should appease him.

Ismenio was resolu'd, he would be eased,
And was resolu'd, of no meanes, but by Musicke,
Which is so heauenly that it hath released
The danger oft, not to be cur'd by Phisicke,
Her tongue and hand, thus married together
Could not but please him, who so loued either.

But first before his madnesse were alayd,
They offred Incence at *Dianae* Shrine,
And much besought her, now to be apayd :
Which was soone granted to these Saintes diuine.

Yet so : that mad *Daiphantus* must agree,
Neuer to loue, but liue in Chastitie.

Thus they adjur'd him, by the Gods on high,
Neuer hence foorth to shoothe with *Cupids* Quiuer,
Nor loue to seine ; for ther's no remedie,
If once relapst, then was he mad for euer :
Tortur'd *Daiphantus*, now a signe did make,
And kinde *Ismenio*, this did vndertake.

Then





The Passions of Loue.

Then gan *Artefa* play vpon her Lute,
Whose voyce sang sweetly, now a mourning Ditty,
„Loue her admir'd, thogh he that lou'd were mute,
Cupid himselfe feard he should sue for pittie,
 Oh wondrous vertue! words spokē are but wind,
 But sung to prick-song, they are ioyes diuine.

,I heard her sing, but still methought I dreamed,
,I heard her play, but I methought did sleepe,
,The Day and Night, till now were neuer weaned,
,*Venus*, and *Dian* rauisht; both did weepe.
 They which each hated, now agreed to say,
 This was the Goddesse both of night and day.

My heart and eares, so rauisht with her voyce,
I still forgot, what still I heard her sing,
The tune: Surely of Sonnets this was all the choice,
Poets do keepe it as a charming thing.
 What thinke you of the ioyes that *Daiphatus* had,
 When for such Musick I would still be mad?

The Birdes came chirping to the windowes round,
And so stood still, as if they rauisht weare,
Beasts forth the forrest came, brought with the soūd,
The Lyon layd him downe as if in feare.
 The Fishes in fresh Riuers swam to shore,
 Yea, had not Nature stayd them, had done more.





The Passions of Loue.

This was a sight, whose eyes had euer seene ?
This was a voice, such musick nere was heard,
This paradise was it, where who had bene
,Might well haue thought of hell and not afeard.
Sure hell it selfe, was heauen in this spheare,
,Mad-men, wild beasts, & all, here tamed weare.

Like as a King his chaire of state ascendeth,
(Being newly made a God vpon the earth :
In stately amounts till step by step, he endeth,
Thinkes it to heauen A true offending birth :
So hies *Daiphantes*, on his legs and seete,
As if *Daiphantes*, now some God should meeete.

He lookes vpon himselfe, not without wonder,
He wonders at himselfe, what he might be :
He laughes vnto himselfe, thinkes he's a slumber,
He weepes vnto himselfe, himselfe to see :
And fure to heare and see what he had done,
Might make him sweare, but now $\frac{1}{2}$ world begun.

Fully reviuied, at last *Artefia* ceast,
When Beasts and Birds, so hideous noise did make
That almost all turnd furie, feare was the least,
Yea such a feare, as forc't them cry and quake.
Till that *Daiphantes*, more of reason had,
Then they which mon'd him, lately being mad.

He





The Passions of Loue.

He with more ioy, than words could well declare,
And with more words, than his new tongue could
Did striue to speake, such was his loue & care (tell,
Thus to be thankfull : But yet knew not well,
,Vvhether his tongue, not tun'd vnto his hart,
,Or modest silence, would best act his part.

But speake he will ; then giue attentiuе eare
To heare him tell a wofull Louers storie,
His hands and eyes to heauen vp did he reare :
Griefe taught him speech ; though he to speake were
But whatsouer be a Louers passion, (forrie.
Daiphantus speakes his, in a mourning fashion.

As o're the Mountains walkes, the wandring soule
Seeking for rest in his vnresting spirit,
So good *Daiphantus* (thinking to inroule
Himselfe in grace, by telling of loues merit)
VVas so distracted how he shoulde commend it,
VVhere he began, he wished still to end it.

Eurialæ, my eyes are hers in right
Vrania my tongue is as her dewe,
Artesia, my eares, to her I dight,
My heart to each. And yet my heart to you :
To you *Vitullia*, to you, and all the rest :
VVho once me cursed ; now to make me blest.

Beautie





The Passions of Loue.

1 Beauty & 2, wit did 1 wound & 2 pearce my heart,
3 Musicke and 4 Fauour 3 gain'd and 4 kept it sure :
Loue lead by 3 Fancie to the 4 last I part,
Loue lead by Reason to the first is truer.

3 Beautie and wit first conquered, made me yeild
3 Musicque & 4 Fauour, rescued, got the field.

To 1 Wit and 2 Beautie, my first loue I giue,
Musicke 3 & 4 Fauours, my second loue haue gaind,
All made me mad : and all did me relieu :
Though one recur'd me, when I was sustaint :

Thus troth to say, to all I loue did owe.
Therefore to all my loue I euer vowe.

1 & 2

Thus to the first his right hand he did tender,
His left hand to the 3 & 4 last, most louingly, 4 :
His tongue kind thankes, first to the last did render,
The while his lookes were bent indifferently :

Thus he salutes all, & to increase his Blisses,
From lip, to lip, each Ladie now he kisses.

Vrania (in humble wise salutes he)
With gracious language he returns his heart,
His words so sweetly to his tongue now futes he,
As what he spake, shew'd learning with good Art.
Vrania please *Daiphantus*, *Daiphantus* all,
When loue, gaines loue, for loue ; this loue we cal.

Vrania





The Passions of Loue.

Vrania now, bethought what was protested
By yong *Ismenio* at *Dianas* shrine ;
Coniur'd *Daiphantus*, That no more he Iestid,
With Loue or Fancie, for they were Diuine :
And if he did, that there they all would pray,
He still might liue in loue, both night and day.

This greeu'd him much, but follie twas to grieue,
His now obedience shew'd his owne freewill :
He swore he would not loue (in shewe) atchieue,
But liue a virgin, chaste and spotlesse still.

Which saide : such Musicke suddenly delighted,
As all were rausiht, and yet all affrighted.

Here parted all, not without Ioy and sadnes,
Some wept, some smilde, a world it was to here them :
Both springs heere met, woe heere was cloath'd with gladnes :
Heauen was their comfort, it alone did cheere them.

Daiphantus from these springs, some fruit did gather,
„Experience is an Infant, though an ancient father.

Sweet Lady know “the soule lookes through our eye-
„Content liues not in shewes, or beauty seeing, (sights,
„Peace not from nomber, nor strength in high spirits :
„Joy dies with vertue, yet liues in vertues being.
„Beautie is maskt, where vertue is not hidden,
„Man still desires that fruite he's most forbidden.

G

Iewells





The Passions of Loue.

„Jewels for Vertue, not for beautie prizde,
„Whats sildome seen breeds wonder, we admir'de it :
„Kings Lines are rare : and therefore well aduiz'de,
„Wise-men not often talke, Fooles still desire it. sure,
„Womē are books (kept close) they hold much trea-
„Vnclaspt : sweet ills : most woe lies hid in pleasure.

„Who studies Arts alike, can he proue Doctor ?
„Who sursets hardly liues ? Drunkards recouer :
„Whose wils his law, that cōscience needs no Proctor ;
„Whē men turn beasts looke there for briutish Louers.
„Those eies are pore-blind, looke equally on any,
„Thought' be a vertue to hinder one by many.

„Who gains by trauel, leese lordships for their Manors,
„Must Tarquin-rauish some ; Hell on that glory, (nors,
„Whose life's in Healths, death sooneſt gains those Ba-
„Lust still is puniſht, though treason write the storie.
„A rowling eye, A Globe, new worlds discouer,
„Who ſtill wheels round, is *But a damned Louer.*

„Doth *Faith* and *Troth* lye Bathing ? Is Lust pleasure ?
„Can Commons be as sweete, as Land inclo'd ?
„Then virgin ſinne may well be counted pleasure,
„Where ſuch Lords rule, who liues not ill dispos'd ?
„True Loue's a *Phœnix*, but One vntill it dyes,
„Lust is a *Cockatrice*, in all, but in her eyes.

Here





The Passions of Loue.

Here did he end, more blessed than his wishes.
,,(Fame's at the high when Loue indights the Story :)
,,The priuate life brings with it heauenly blisses.
,,Sweete *Contemplation* much increaseth glorie :
Ile leave him to the learning of *Loues Spell*,
,,Better part friends, than follow Feends to hell.

Ifmenio, with *Vitullia* went together,
Perhaps both wounded with blinde *Cupids* Dart,
Yet durst they not relate their Loue to either,
,,(Loue if once pittied pearceth to the Hart :)
But sure *Vitullia*, is fo faire a Marke,
Cupid would court her, though but by the darke.

Artefia, she must goe (the more she's grieu'd)
To churlish *Strymon*, her adopted Mate,
Cupid though blind, yet pittied and relieu'd,
This modest Lady with some happie Fate:
 „For what but Vertue, which doth all good nourish,
 „Could brook her fortunes, much lesse loue & cherish

Euriale, with good *Vrania* stayd :
(VVhere Vertue dwels they onely had their being)
„Beauty and wit still feare, are not dismayd,
„For where they dwell, Loue euer will be prying.
These two, were one, All good, each could impart
One was their Fortune, and one was their heart.

G 2 ,Beautie





The Passions of Loue.

,**Beautie** and **Vertue**, was true Friend to either,
„**Heauen** is the spheare, where all men seeke for glorie :
„**Earth** is the **Graue**, where sinners ioyne together,
„**Hell** keepes the booke, inrowles each lustfull storie.
„**Liue** as we will, death makes of all conclusion,
„**Die** then to liue, or life is thy confusion.

,**Beautie** and **wit** in these, fed on affection,
. **Labour** and **industry**, were their Twins of life :
,**Loue**, and **true Bounty**, were in their subiction,
,**Their Bodies** with **their spirits** had no strife.

Such were these two, As grace did them defend,
Such are these two, As with these two I end.

F I N I S.

Non Amori sed Virtuti.





The Passionate mans Pil-

grimage, supposed to be written by
one at the point of death.

G Iue me my Scallop shell of quiet,
My staffe of Faith to walke vpon,
My Scrip of Ioy, Immortall diet,
My bottle of saluation :
My Gowne of Glory, hopes true gage,
And thus Ile take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my bodies balmer,
No other balme will there be giuen
Whilst my soule like a white Palmer
Trauels to the land of heauen,
Ouer the filuer mountaines,
Where spring the Nectar fountaines :
And there Ile kisse
The Bowle of blisse,
And drinke my eternall fill
On euery milken hill.
My soule will be a drie before,
But after it, will nere thirst more.

H

And





The passionate mans Pilgrimage.

And by the happie blisfull way
More peacefull Pilgrims I shall see,
That haue shooke off their gownes of clay,
And goe appareld fresh like mee.
Ile bring them first
To flake their thirst,
And then to taft those Nectar suckets.
At the cleare wells
Where sweetnes dwells,
Drawne vp by Saints in Christall buckets.

And when our bottles and all we,
Are fild with immortalitie :
Then the holy paths weele trauell
Strewde with Rubies thicke as grauell,
Seelings of Diamonds, Saphire floores,
High walles of Corall and Pearle Bowres.

From thence to heauens Bribeles hall
Where no corrupted voyces brall,
No Conscience molten into gold,
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,
No cause deferd, nor vaine spent Iorney,
For there Christ is the Kings Attorney :
VVho pleades for all without degrees,
And he bath Angells, but no fees.

When





The passionate Mans Pilgrimage.

VVhen the grand twelue million Iury,
Of our sinnes and sinfull fury,
Gainst our soules blacke verdicts giue,
Christ pleades his death, and then we liue.
Be thou my speaker taintles pleader,
Vnblotted Lawyer, true proeeder,
Thou mouest saluation euen for almes :
Not with a bribed Lawyers palmes.

And this is my eternall plea,
To him that made Heauen, Earth and Sea,
Seeing my flesh must die so soone,
And want a head to dine next noone,
Iust at the stroke when my vaines start and
Set on my soule an euerlasting head. (spred
Then am I readie like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I

(writ.

F I N I S .



DO L A R N Y S P R I M E R O S E .

Or

The first part of the passionate Hermit: *wherein is expressed the lively passions of Zeale and Loue, with an alluding discourse to Valours ghost. Both pleasant and profitable, if iudiciously read, and rightly vnderstood.*

Non est Beatus, esse qui se nescit.

WRITTEN BY A PRACTITIONER
in Poesie, and a stranger amongst Poets, which
causeth him dread this sentence:

Nihil ad Parmenonis suem.



AT LONDON

Printed by G. Eld, and are to bee sold by Robert Boulton,
at his shop in Smithfield, neere long lane end.

1606.



To the right Honourable, *Esme Stewart*, Lord of *Aubignuy*, and one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties bed-Chamber; ennobled
with the rareſt giuſts that honour may afforde,
or vertue challenge :

John Raynolds, wisheth happy increase of all noble
and renoumed resolutions.



Vmmoning my ſenes together (Right honourable) and weighing your Lordships worth, and my imperfections : Dispaire had almost chekct my too too preſumptuous forwardneſſe, onely for intending to preſent this ſimple worke into the hands of ſo noble a person : But Hope (chiefe miſtrefſe of Deſire, and enemy of Feare) began to animate my trembling thoughts with these perwaſions.

Virgil, whose curious inuentions haue made his name immortall, (though not for imitation, yet for pleaſure) read Ennius rough Poesies: the Delphian Oracle gaue Socrates as good a ſentence for his well meaning mite, as to the proudeſt Athenians, for their heapes of treaſure. All that was pleaded before the Romane Senators, was not vttered by Tully, yet was it heard and allowed with plauſible censures. Xerxes accepted as well of the poore mans handful of water, as of the riche mans Goblet of gold.

Thus beholding right Honorable (as in a mirror) the estates or proceedings of paſſed times, and hauing in homely manner penned theſe few unpoliſhed lines, I preſume to preſent them into your Lordships hands: which althoſh they are not ſtreched to the delicate treble keye of ſuch reſined Poems, as

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Maro sung in the eares of Augustus, yet they may bee
rightly called, the fruits of as well intended thoughts. For
Phidias labored as hard with his (selfe conceipted sharp)
penſil, as Apelles, with his approued ſkil. Euery painter can-
not counterfeite lawne, with Parrhasius, nor proportion the
Ciclops, with Tymanthes. Maiaes ſonne refuſed not to
taſt on Baucis, faire Ioue was content with Philemons en-
tertaynement. Although Fors Fortuna gaue Vliffes, the ſen-
tence for his curious ſmotheneſſe, yet Ajax had an applawdit
for his rough plainenes: & as no counſel could reuoke. Fabius
but Terentias fayrneſſe, nor no ſurgion cure Hipolite but
Eſculapius, ſo no ſunne can beautifie these deformed lines,
but the glimſes of your Lordships fauour, nor no ſalve be able
to ſet these mangled strayns a foote, unleſſe it be miniftred by
your noble protecting hand. I ſeeke not Aſcanius rich cloake
for brauerie, but couet with Damidas Parret, to bee shel-
tered from the vultures tirany.*

*Then Right honorable, if it wil please your Lordship to har-
bour this handfull of harsh ſounding fillables under the ſafe
conduct of your honours faire protection, I ſhall not onely
thinke them ſufficiently guarded from enuious tongues: but
also eſteeme my ſelfe happie, to haue them shadowed vnder
the wings of ſo worthy a Mecænas. Thus hoping (though not
for the worth of the preſent, yet for the true heart of the gi-
uer of) your honors gentle patronage, & reſting in that hope I
wiſh your honour the happie enioyng of your honourable
wiſhes.*

Your Lordships in all duty to be commanded.
I. R.



To the Right Honourable Lord,
Aubigny, health eternall.

WHat nere seene gemme, shall I deuise to set,
Vpon your helme, your temples to ingert ?
What trophe rare, what wreath or Coronet,
Can guerdonize, your meriting desert ?

O let me pollish, some nere written line,
To fit your worth, for worldlings to peruse :
And place it in, that loftie crest of thine,
Whose siluer showers, nourisheth my muse.

Making them spring, as flow'rs from frosty earth,
Which *Aprill* deaws, the worlds broad eye to view :
Which else had died, and nere obtained birth,
Had they not gain'd, incouragement of you.

Bafe are the thoughts, that longs to write and dare not,
Then if you smile, let others frowne, (I care not.)

Your Lordships euer
humbly deuoted :

John Raynolds.

A 3

To



To the Gentle Readers

whatsoeuer.

What should I scrape, or beg, at pardons gate,
With prostrate termes, to helpe my stranger rimes
When as I know, that in this wau'ring state,
None well can please, these fickle enuious times.

Therefore I craue, no other boone but this,
Vpon my lines, let euery fancie deeme
What please them best : well, meane, or flatte amisse,
No whit the worse, I will of them esteeme.

For enuious curres, will bawle at strangers true,
When neighbor theeues, vnseene may filch & steale :
But trustie mastifies, or by sent or view,
The priuie drifts, of both will foone reueale.

Then if the learned, seeke not to despite me,
Let Enuie barke, I know he cannot bite me.

Yours, I. R.





In laudem Authoris.

Though carping spight, should fit in *Momus* chaire,
And *Zoylus* fume, gnashing his venime Iawes :
Though *Crittick Satires*, rauue and rend their haire,
And Enuy threat mee, with his fulsom pawes.

Yet this my pen, for *Raynolds* sake shall write,
Whose nouell lines, vnfolds a fertill spring :
Reueales at large, found loue in zealous plight,
Inchac'd with wo, and warlike sonneting.

Delightfull Poems, ioyn'd with pleasant good,
And harmelesse pleasure, mixt with loftie straines :
Then foule *Therstites*, cease thy rayling moode,
And giue at least, good words for so much paines.

But if abroad, thy enuy needs must flie,
Despight not him, who seekes to pleasure thee.

Abraham Sauere Gentleman.



DOLARNYS

Primerofe.

When flowring May, had with her morning deawes,
Watred the meadowes, and the vallies greene,
The tender Lambes, with nimble-footed Eawes,
Came forth to meete, the wanton sommers Queene :
The liuely Kidds, came with the little Fawnes,
Tripping with speed, ouer the pleasant lawnes.

To heare how that, dame Natures new-come broodes,
Began to set, their sweet melodious notes,
With fugred tunes, amidst the leauie woodes,
Inchaunting musicke, through their pretty throats :
By whose sweet straines, right well it might appeare,
The pride of Sommer, to be drawing neere.

Then bright *Apollo*, threw his radiant smiles,
Into the lappes, of each delicious spring.
Where *Philomele*, the weary time beguiles,
In grouie shades, fountaines inuironing :
The late bare trees, there sportiuely did growe,
With leauie sprigs on euery branch and bowe.

In garments green, the medows fayre did ranck it,
The vallies lowe of garments greene were glad,
In garments greene, the pastures proud did pranck it,
The daly grounds in garments greene were clad.
Each hill and dale, each bush and brier were feene,
Then for to florish, in their garments greene.

B

Thus

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Thus as the medowes, forests and the feelds,
In sumptuous tires, had deckt their daynty fildes
The florishing trees, [that] wanton pleasure yeelds,
Keeping the sunne, from out their shadie shades :
On whose greene leaues, vpon each calmie day,
The gentle wind, with dallyng breath did play.

The Oake, the Elme, the Alder and the Ashe,
Were richly clad, in garments gay and greene,
The Aſpen trees, that oft the waters wash,
In like arraiment, then were neatly feene :
The lou'ly Lawrell, precious, rich and faire,
With Odors sweet, did fill the holeſeme ayre.

Their spreading armes, their branches and their boughes
Were made a bower, for the pritty birds,
Where Philomele, did come to pay her vowes,
With ſugred tunes, in ſteed of wofull words :
Their lofty tops, of towring branches fayre,
Dampt with the musicke, of delicious ayre.

Whose hawty pride, regarded mirth nor moanes,
But with ambition, view'd the ſommer flowers,
Their labells hang'd with quiuering dew-pearld ſtones,
Did repreſent, ſpangles on am'rous bowers :
There grouy shade, ſuch pleaſing ayre did lend,
As doth on groues, and grouy shades attend.

Vnweldy trees, gorgeous to behold,
Stood hand in hand, with branches all combining,
Their Gentle armes, each other did infold,
With Iuye ſprigges, vpon their bodies climbing :
The more to breake, the hot reflexing rayes,
Of bright *Apollo*, in the ſommer dayes.

Drawne

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Drawne by the pleasure, of delightfull ayre,
Those checkred borders, oft I did frequent,
And underneath, thos shadowes fresh and faire,
The weary time, oft wearily I spent :
 Where at the length, it was my chance to meete,
 An aged man, whom I did kindly greet.

He myrror like, for nurture, discipline,
Repay'd my words, with courteous kind regreeting,
Then drew we neere, a fayre-spread-shady pine,
Vnder whose boughes, we solemniz'd our meeting :
 Whereas long time, the time did not pursue,
 But that familiar, in discourse we grew.

His aged wit, so pregnant made mee muse,
With courtly tearmes, and eloquence all flowing,
And such they were, that causd me t'accuse,
Mine owne so dull, that spent my time nought knowing :
 His tongue-sweet notes, ti'd mine eares in chaines,
 So that my senses, were rauisht with his straynes.

The sweetest musicke, tuch'd with curious hand,
Whose tones harmonious, bath's a lift'ning eare,
Forcing fierce Tygers, all amazed stand,
Vnto his voyce compard, did harshly iarre :
 Which caused me, with earnest fute to craue,
 Some story from, his pleasing selfe to haue.

Who neither graunted, nor denied the motion,
With pleasant fadnesse, stood as in a muse ;
Whilst I insnard, with his so sweet deuotion,
Fixed mine eyes, his mutenesse to peruse :
 But then his tongue, broke off his contemplation,
 And thus began, discourse with inuocation.

Dolarnys Primerose.

O thou great guider, of the guidelesse nine,
With sacred deaw, my witlesse wit inspire,
Water my senses, with thy Nectar fine,
Rauish my breast, with thy all hallowed fire :
So that my tongue, stray not in fond delight,
But in his course, wonder thy mighty might.

When liuely bloud, did run within my veines,
I tooke delight, to trauell here and there,
So much as then, my parents gaue my reins,
Vnto my selfe, to see how I could beare

The fickle flights, of Fortunes turning wheele,
Which like Silenus, drunkenly doth reele.

The spring drew on, and youth did fill my pores,
Earnest desire, bred a straying motion,
Within my breast, to see the Cambrian shoares,
That boundes vpon, the all vntamed Ocean :
Where huge steep rockes, shadeth each couert plaine,
Beaten with waues, from the Hiber[n]ian mayne.

And in a morne, when *Phæbus* faire did rise,
Out off his bed, the mountaines to discouer,
Climbing the lofty gresses of the skies,
With longing steppes, to ouertake his louer :
My greedy eyes, desir'd to feed their sight,
Vpon the sweet'ſt, of Cambriaes delight.

Then did I walke, toward those rising hills,
Where carefull pastors, of their Kids were keeping,
Whil'ſt lazie swaynes, their fore-duld fenses kills,
By entertayning, too much time with sleeping :
There did Pastoraes, with their roundelayes,
Passe with delight, the sommer of their dayes.

There

Dolarnys Primeroise.

There might I see, the lofty Cedar trees,
Frō branch to bough, where pritty birds were skipping,
Their honey leaues, did feede the busie Bees,
Vnder whose shade, the milke white Does were tripping :
 Their spreading armes, woare Iuie all combining,
 Where might be seene, the nimble Squirrell climbing.

There did I see, the valleyes where the flockes,
Of fearefull Ewes, and tender Lambes were seeding,
The little springs, that do runne by the rockes,
The leauy shrubs, where pritty birds were breeding :
 There Philomele, with sweet recording fills,
 The plaines with musicke, echoing from the hilles,

I walkt along, that faire adorned field,
Till that I came, to a delicious spring,
Whose smiling current, did such pleasure yeeld,
As sweet content, vnto content could bring :
 There did I rest, and stay my selfe a while,
 Some tedious howers, thinking to beguile.

For why ? that fount, as pleasantly was plast,
As if delight, should lodge betweene two paps,
Freed with content, from Boreas northern blast,
Or as a Carpet, twixt two Ladyes laps :
 Inuiron'd round, with their displaying tresses,
 Whose amber shade, that golden Carpet blesses.

Faire quiu'ring mirtle, did ingirt the spring,
With Iefamins sweet, and flowring Eglantine,
Vnder whose shade, the pretty birds did sing,
Melodious straines, celestiall and diuine :
 With Delphian tunes, such as the muses playes,
 Filling the thickets, with their sweet delayes.

Dolarnys Primerose.

The rouling pibbles, and the flinty stones,
Were softly by a shallow current turned,
The murmering water, played with siluer ton's,
Loth to depart, and staying running mourned :
Whose trickling-christall, musicke-sounding voice,
Into mine eares, did yeeld a pleasing noyse.

Such were the mirth, and pleasent harmony,
The Organ ayre, did gently feeme to make,
With dulcean straynes, of heauenly melody,
As once *Mercurie* whispred by the Lake :
Whose trembling breath, new descants did deuise,
Till *Junoes Argus*, clos'd his hundred eyes.

The pritty birds, did beare a sweete record,
The bubling stremes, the vnder-song did keepe,
The dallyng wind, such musicke did afford,
That almost rockt, my senses fast a sleepe :
And well neare caus'd me, for to take a nappe,
As I lay musing, in yong *Tellus* lappe.

But then I heard, a sad lamenting voyce,
The which did cut, a passage through the ayre,
And fild the woodes, with such a dolefull noise,
That all the groues, seem'd cloyed vp with care :
Which forc'd me, from that place for to arise,
And clof'd againe, my well neere slumbring eyes.

Then drew I neere, a little rising rocke,
Where as the waues, did dash their high curld browes,
The birds and beasts, togither they did flocke,
Cooling themselues, vnder those shady boughes :
Which dangling hung, like to a golden fleece,
Over the head, of fayre *Amphrisus* neece.

And

Dolarnys Primerose.

And vnderneath, a pleasant Hawthorne tree,
The which did grow, neere to that rockie hill,
There did I stand, to listen and to see,
The dolefull noyse, the which the ayre did fill :
I stayd not long, but well I might descrie,
VVhence did proceed, that wofull harmonye.

For neare that place, a stately pine did grow,
Angerly shaking, of his leauy crowne,
At whose sterne feet, the humble shrubs did bow,
Fearing the terrorre, of his rugged frowne :
Vnder whose armes, a wofull man did dwell,
The which did hold, that bower for his cell.

Where he did often, with lamenting cries,
Bewray the caufe, of all his woefull cares,
The which did feeme, to pierce the vaulty skies,
And to dissolve, hard flints to brinish teares :
To fill the woods, with noyse as loud as thunder,
To splitt hard rockes, and rend great trees afunder.

Whom when I did, with full aspect behold,
I musing stood, his grieuous grones to heare,
His prayers were plaints, his sobs his solace told,
His myrth was moane, his cries were full of care :
With broken sighes, a thousand times and more,
Thus he began, his sorrowes to deplore.

Why did I breath ? why did I take the ayre ?
Why did I suck ? why was I fed with milke ?
Why was I young ? why was I counted faire ?
Why was I nurst ? why was I clad in silke ?
Why did I liue ? why dyed I not being yong ?
Why was I lul'd ? why was I sweetly fung ?

What

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

What cruell planet, gouerned at my birth ?
VVhat diſmall starre, that day or night did ſhine ?
VVhat loathſome vapour, ouerſpread the earth,
Vpon that ſad, natiuity of mine ?

Or did the hagges, with all their helliſh power,
Inchant, bewitch, or curse that fatall houre ?

O had the Midwife, when ſhe firſt receiu'd me,
With nimble hand, my vitall powers ſtopt,
Or had my nurse, of liuing breath bereau'd me,
Theſe fields of ſorrow, I had neuer cropt :

But both I ſummon, with impartiall eye,
As Actors in, my wofull Tragedy.

Yet did I liue, full twenty ſommers long,
In ſprings of ioy, one running ouer other,
How then poore ſoules, could they enaſt my wrong ?
No 'twas not they, it was my foster mother :

Fortune 'twas thee, that blyſſeſſul men doſt ſpight,
Thou onely ſtolſt from me, my hearts delight.

Thou tot'ring eſe, with euer turning wheele,
That firſt did ſet, mee loſt vpon thy knee,
And gau'ſt me all, thy bleſſings for to feele,
What cauſ'd thee thus, vnkind to loure on me ?

No 'twas not Fortune, ſhe was alwaies kinde
Filling my ſaile, ſtill with a proſperous winde.

Could any wretch, be then ſ'infortunate,
As I poore ſoule, whom Fortune ſeem'd to guide ?
No, fortune no, it was thy cruell hate,
The which for me, theſe ſorrowes diſt prouide :

Thou art the wretch, thou art the beldame vile,
Thou diſt my heauen, my heart, and hope exile.

For

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

For when my yeares, had furniſht forth my youth,
And twenty times, the funne had chang'd his light,
Thou moſt perfidious, wau'ring ſtill in trueth,
My ſilly ſoule didſt crosse, with cruel ſpight :

And onely thou, by falſhood didſt deceiue mee,
Of ioy and bliſſe, thou didſt at once bereauē mee.

Thy circled wheele, thou didſt to me forth bring,
More richly deckt, then ere it was before,
Thou ſetſt me gently, on that fickle ring,
And gau'ſt me pleasure in abundant ſtore :

VVith many fauours, ſtill thou didſt belay mee,
But with thy falſhood, ſtill thou didſt betray mee.

Thou drew'ſt mee on, with loues intiſing bayte,
To walke the pathes, where thou a net hadſt laid,
VVith thouſand ſnares, thou didſt vpon mee waite,
Vntil I was, of all my ioyes betrayd :

To desperate dangers, thou didſt eaſily wile mee,
VVhilſt from my life, and loue thou didſt exile mee.

Then did this heauy, hermit ſeeming man,
Stand mutely ſtill, but ſtill he ſeem'd to moane,
His aged viſage, lookt both pale and wan,
His ſadneſſe he, redoubled with a groane :
He ſeem'd a while, vnto himſelfe to mutter,
But yet no word, at al, I heard him vtter.

Vntill at length, him did I plainly ſee,
A ſtately picture, in his hand to take,
The which I geſt, a holy ſaint to be,
For that ſo much, of it he ſeem'd to make :
He kiſt it oft, and hugd it as he lay,
And thus at length, to it began to ſay.

C

Faire

Dolarnys Primerose.

Fayre but vnkind, no kind : fie too too cruel,
Thirtie long years, with mee I haue thee borne,
Thrife ten yeares told, loues fire hath bene my fuel,
So long my heart, thy fayre imprint hath worne :

If *Neflors* yeaeres, thrife three times told I liue,
My loue alone, to thee I freelie giue.

Tell mee my loue, tell mee, why didst thou leauue mee ?
Why to thy Loue, didst thou proue so vnkind ?
Pardon my deare, was death that did deceaue mee,
Yet art thou toomb'd, for cuer in my mind :

Then did he weepe, bewayling of his harmes,
And with these words, he luld it in his armes.

O had these armes, thy liuing corps imbrac'd,
But halfe so oft, as now they have doone thec,
These paths of sorrow, I had neuer trac'd,
Nor died in thrall, but liu'd and died free :

But sith thou liuing, wert not in my power,
Ile hugge thy shadowe, till my latest houre.

With which sad words, his grou'ling corps did fall,
With gastly colour, sighs abound-Lamenting,
Which forc'd mee rew, his sad and wosull thrall,
with rufull pittie, and with teares relenting :

I mou'd to ayde him, yet as loth to feare him,
I paus'd a while, before that I came neare him.

For that he then, began to moue his eyes,
His earth-like hands, his heauie troncke did rayse,
His sighs did vault, into the dimmed skyes,
His tongue forgat not how his loue to prayse :
But fearing least, his secrets should be spied,
From out his bower, full secretly he pried.

Then

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Then with deepe sighs, he did agayne repeate,
The rare perfections, of his long dead loue,
Her comly graces, and her gesture neat,
The which did seeme the ſenfleſſe ſtones to moue :
Which loueſick plaints, my tongu's too weake to tel,
His penſiuſe paſſions, did fo much excell.

Nor could a volume, copie his loues deſcriptions,
That were diſlodged, from his woſwolne heart,
For he recited, with true loues affections,
A thouſand times, each limme and lineall parte :
All which by him, fo oft pronounced were,
That almoſt dul'd, my shallowē ſenſe to heare.

Yet did his ſweet, ſophiſtik ſorrows tie,
My Leaden pow'rs, in chaynes of liſt'ning ſteele,
With greedy ears, to ſucke attentiuely,
His ſugred ſobs, the which I ſeem'd to feele :
For each ſad ſtraine, that from his lipps did paſſe,
Bewrayd the birth-right, of his gentle race.

Then did he take, a fair delicious lute,
Whofe well tun'd ſtrings, he touch'd with curiouſ ſkill,
Forcing his fingars, with a wiſt purſuite,
To ſtrike the frets, of muſicks ground at will :
His nimble hand, guided by ſupple veynes,
With heauenly pawfons, cloſ'd his doleful ſtreynes.

Not great *Apolloes* viol-founding laies,
That forc'd huge Tmolus, daunce with buſkey haire,
When ſilly *Midas*, rob'd him of his prayſe,
Might with the deſcants, of his Lute compare :
And with a tune, would moue a ſtone to pittie,
He ſadly ſigh'd, and ſong this mournfull dittie.

Dolarnys Primerose.

The Hermites song.

Ye hilles and dales,
Ye rockes and vales,
Beare witnesse of my moane :
Ye water nymphes,
And pritty Imphes,
Come sigh with mee and groane.
Come ye Satyres, and ye Fawnes,
Come ye from the pleasant Lawnes :
From the groues, and shady trees,
On whose Green leaues, the humming bees,
Their thydes do fill,
At their owne will,
And whereon still,
With flittring wings, poore Progne flees.

Ye Fairy elues,
Come ye your selues,
From out each hollow caue :
And Corridon,
Come thou alone,
Thy prescence I do craue :
For thy pipe comfortingly,
Equalleth my harmony.
Mournfull Amyntas, now and thee
Are best to beare me company :
For with confort,
We may report,
Our Lones extort,
With wofull straines of melody.

Ye

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

*Ye Siluans all,
Both great and ſmall,
come Listen to my greefe:
Ye kids and Lambs,
Come with your dams,
And bring me ſome releefe:
Thou maide of Comes, come to me,
VVith aide in this my miserie,
And lead me once Aeneas-like,
Vnto that ugly Stigian dike.*

*That I may mixe,
And yet prefixe,
Mine eye on Stix,
Where Cerberus liueth, that fowle tyke,*

*If that wearie,
Charons ferrie,
VVill no wayes take mee in :
Vndoubting harmes,
VVith theſe mine armes,
Ile venture for to fwymme:
For ſometimes his coaleblacke boate,
Rides not in that road aſloate,
If ſo, I will in no wiſe ſtay,
Although vnto mine owne decay*

*In unfeareing poar's,
VVith arming oar's,
From off the ſhoars,
Ile quicklye poſt from thence away.*

*For if that I,
Should chance to die,
And in that Lake to wander :
Yet ſhould I gayne,
On[e] Lofty ſtraine,*

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

*Aboone loue-drown'd Leander.
But if that well I ſhould paſſe,
Vgly Charons muddie place,
And happily to land me there,
VVithin that faire celeſtiall ſphere,
Then with ſmall payne,
I ſhould attaine,
Elizian plaine:
VVhere my loue fits crown'd in a chayre,*

F I N I S.

*When he had finish't, vp his mournfull ſong,
He lai'd his lute, downe by his weary ſide,
Himſelfe he ſtretcht, upon the graffe along,
And with ſad wayling, thus agayne he cry'd :
How much avayles it, that my trauels farr,
Hath not worne out, the print of Cupides ſkarr ?*

*What Christian land, is it that hath not borne mee ?
What Iland was, not ſubiect to my fight ?
How many woods, and deserts ſtill do ſcorne mee ?
But nothing yeelds, to mee my harts delight :
From place to place, Desire my corps doth carry,
Which ſame desire, there will not let me tary.*

*Then did he ſigh, then wept, then ſigh'd amayne,
Then wrung his hands, then cried, then croft his armes,
Then tore his haire, then groan'd, then wept againe,
Then with ſad teares, he thus bewayld his harmes :
Padua farewell, my loue in thee doth lie,
Within thy wals, I loſt my libertie.*

And

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

And Albion now, to thee my native home,
Where firſt I did receaue my vitall breath,
After all paines, paine[d] to thee I come,
Within thy bounds, to giue myſelfe to death :
For ſith my loue, my loue hath me forsaken,
My laſt farewell, of Padua I haue taken.

But when alaffe, when ſhall my ſorrows end ?
When ſhall I ceafe, of Padua for to cry ?
When ſhall I fee, ſterne Atropos vnbend,
My wofull threed, of ſad calamitie ?
When ſhall I leaue, in zealous cloake to stand,
With loueſicke cryes, to curse both ſea and land ?

O let mee neuer ceafe with hideous cryes,
With dolefull tunes, and horred exclamations,
To ſend myſighes, into the lofty ſkies,
And pearce the Chaos, with my inuocations,
Vntil theſe eies, that fed their rauin'd fight :
Vpon Ægeſſa, be depriu'd of light.

Thou fullen earth, with Anger ſownding wo,
Ye bleating fawnes, shaded with ſheltring twigs,
Ye murm'ring waters, that with teares oreflowe,
Ye chirping birds, that chant the dauncing ſprigs :
Come all at once, your ſaddest deſcants bring,
My fayre Ægeſſaes, epitaphs to ſing.

Dead is my loue, dead are my hopes and Ioyes,
accuſed Fates, that of my loue bereft mee,
Curſt be al hopes, let hopes be hapleſſe toyſ,
For loue, and Ioy, hope, hap, and all hath left mee :
And I remaine, vnceſſantlie to cry,
Still lyuing, ſtill, ten thouſand deaths to die.

O

Dolarnys Primeroise.

O let mee curse that day, the time and hower,
When first I left, faire *Padua* and my loue,
O let mee curse, all gold and golden power,
By whose sowle force, these vggly storms I proue :
 O let mee curse, that time that I did gayne,
 The name of Knight, to liue in hermites payne.

But O my Loue, my Loue, and only Ioy,
My sayre *Ægessa*, *Ægessa* Ile come to thee,
More fayre then Helen, sacke of statelie Troye,
Once more Ile come, to sewe, to court, to woo thee :
 Now I will come, to thine immortall shrine,
 Where thou dost liue, triumphant and diuine.

Then why do I, thus linger here and there,
And seeke not out, the way t' *Avernus* caue ?
Wretch that I am, how can I thus forbeare,
Pining for want, of that which I would haue ?
 I Glaucus-like, do trauell day and night,
 While she by Circe, is transfformed quite.

Wherfore Ile go, like to that Thracian bold,
With this my lute, my iourney will I take,
Whose fretts and strings, Ile frame of glitring gold,
Then Orphe-like, Ile crosse that muddie lake :
 And thou sayre Pallas, and ye muses nine,
 My hand and tongue, guide with your pow'rs diuine.

Venus I craue, a helping hand of thee,
Safe to conduct mee, through the Lethean fens,
And thy ripe wit, lend me sweet *Mercury*,
That I with ease, may passe that mierie Themmes :
 So that blacke Charon, with his swartie oares,
 May set mee safe, on Demogorgons shoar's

Where

Delornys Primeroſe.

Where Orphe-like, to Tenarus Ile go,
Which vgly gate, doth open towards the North,
There Cerberus fowle, doth make his triple shewe,
There takes he in, but none he will put forth :

Ye fates vnreele, my lou's fad destinie,
Or I will feeke, her with Perſephone.

With that he cloſ'd, his hollowe wo-wolne eyes,
And ſtretcht his lims, along the ſenſelesſe ground,
His gaſtly viſage, pierſt the vaultie ſkyes,
Sometimes his eyeballs, ſeem'd for to turne round :
With tortur'd groan's, then would he ſadly gaspe,
With emptie palms, then did he weaklie grasper.

Then did he lie, with quiu'ring legs and arms,
Then groueling craules, then ſeeblie fall againe,
Then as one ſtrucke with magick ſpelles and charmes,
There would he feeme, quite breathleſſe to remaine :
Thus did he lie, thus did he ſometimes welter,
But then ſtone ſtill, the shadows did him shelter.

At which prospect, I could no longer stand,
But foone did runne, to helpe him in that caſe,
And water cold, I brought within my hand,
Wherewith I rubd, his pale and gaſtly face :
I raifed him vp, then ſet him downe againe,
Then puld him here, then thrust him thence amayne.

At length a ſigh, mixt with a greeuous groane,
He ſent to tell, ſome life in him was left,
The which did moue, my very heart to moane,
For that ſo much, of ſenſe he was bereft :
Yet laboring ſtill, I mou'd him here and there,
Untill at leng[t]h, he asked who it were.

D

That

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

That ſo did wake him, from his quiet ſleepe,
Which was ſo much, vnto his hearts content :
With that he wept, but ſeeming not to weepe,
For ſearc that I, ſhou'd reliſh what it ment :
 He wip'd his eyes, that were ore-flow'd with teares,
 And ſeem'd to baniſh, all his former cares.

Then vnto mee, theſe ſpeeches he adreſt,
How could you finde, my fillie Hermits bower ?
You did not well, to wake mee from my reſt,
For in two dayes, I ſcarfe doo ſleepe one houre :
 But that I am, a Hermit as you ſee,
 With good caufe, I might with you angrie be.

Alas (quoth I) good gentle father heare mee,
And let not anger, harbour in your breſt,
Although you chide not, well your looks may feare mee,
For ages frownes, may breed a youthes vreſt :
 Then if you please, to heare what I ſhall ſay,
 I will reueale, how I di d chance this way.

And ſeeing you lai'd, as I you lying found,
Seeming quite breathleſſe, in my iudgments eye,
With armes and legges, ſtretcht forth vpon the ground,
Pitty di d force, my harmleſſe hand to trie :
 As halfe amaz'd, the vn-aproued doubt,
 If Natures taper, were quite wasted out.

For ſurely ſir, if accident ſhould call mee,
Vnto a chance, ſuch as this chance hath beene,
I tell you plaine, what hap ſo ere befall mee,
The like effect, in mee ſhould ſure be ſeene :
 For why ? I durft haue paund my neighbours head,
 Your body had, from out this world becene dead.

Theſe

Dolarnys Primerose.

These words I vttred, something smilingly,
With hum'rous gesture, and a pleasing vaine,
Because I would not, haue him willingly,
Thinke that I knew, aught of his wo and paine :
And truth to tell, I could no better make them,
Because that he, could no wayes better take them.

For then he calmelie, did desire of mee,
To shew what pastimes, I did most imbrace,
What country man, and what my name might be,
And eke what chance, had brought mee to that place :
This did he aske, with words so faire and coole,
As he his time, had spent in Nurtures schoole.

I not denying, of his kinde request,
With sad discource, my name and country told,
And some light toye, that harbored in my brest,
I did not let, to him for to vnsold :
But for the chance, that brought mee to that place,
Thus did I glowe it, with a brasen face.

Auroraes spring, that ripes the golden mornes,
No sooner pried, ore the mountaines tops,
But that the Huntsmen, winded out their hornes,
Calling the Dogs, into a grouie cops :
I follow'd on : at length there did appeare,
Rowl'd from the wood, a lustie fallow Deare.

The hounds pursu'd : the huntsmens echoing noise,
Did feeme throughout, the shadie groues to ring :
Vnskild of horne, scarce with a huntsmans voice,
I follow'd still, to see that nouell thing :
'Twere foll'in me, *Therfites* like to vaunt it,
But the huntsmen, and the hounds did chaunt it.

Delornys Primerose.

The greeued hart, with teares bewayles his case,
The egar dogs, did lightly passe the grounds,
A Paduan brach, was foremost in the chase,
For she did leade, the other crie of hounds:

Which cauf'd the hart, to scud with nimble heels,
Ore hills and dales, ore craggie bracks and fields.

Then did he fall, into a heard of deere,
Then to the soile, then to the heard againe,
Then in the woodes, he faintlye did appeere,
Then ore the mountaines, thence into a plaine:

And all this while, the houndes had not a checke,
But still did seeme, to take him by the necke.

And formost still, that faire Italian hounde,
The which was thought, to be of Spartan kinde,
Of all the rest, she seem'd to gather ground,
For she did run, as swift as any winde:

Which cauf'd the deere, in's necke to laic his hornes,
And so to post, through brambles, briers and thornes.

The huntsmen glad, to see their sport so good,
Did winde their hornes, to courage vp their houndes,
The sillic deere, did hasten to the wood,
The dogs full crye, did keepe a narrowe boundes:
So that sometimes, they seem'd his hanche to nipp,
Which cauf'd him feeblie, from there gripes to slippe.

Ore bushe and brier, the dogs did seeme to make him,
Bounce, leape, and skippe, when he could scarsely go.
I follow still, but could not ouertake him,
Yet did I crosse, and meete him to and fro:
Then in the groues, the houndes did ring apace,
with yelping voyces, in that solemne chace,

Then

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then here, then there, the echoing wood resounded,
Of those shrill notes, display'd with hornes and hounds,
The noyse whereof, into the skies rebounded,
Throughout the hills, and all the daly grounds :

Which pastime rare, my tongue denyes to tell,
The hunting musicke, did so much excell.

Then for to mee, the game a neerer way,
I walkt along, a dale hard by a fountaine,
Whereas a while, to drinke I there did stay,
Then did I climbe, the top of yonder mountaine :
Where I might view, at large the vally grounds,
But could not heare, the huntmen nor the hounds.

Then looking tow'rd, this little shady plaine,
Like a yong huntsman, I began to call,
Whereas me thought, one answered me againe,
That seem'd my voyce, in his for to install :
I something angry, came along the ground,
But then I knew, it was an echoes found.

Thus hauing lost, the sport I came to fee,
And knowing not where, to seeke the same againe,
My minde did with my weary legs agree,
Homeward to go, thorough this couert plaine :
Thus leauing off, the lusty red Deeres chase,
It was my chance, to finde you in this place.

Then howsoere, I pray you pardon mee,
Were you asleepe, or were you in a sownd,
Or in a traunce, as fo you well might be,
But surely dead, you seem'd when I you found :
Chance is but chance, then for this chāce excuse me,
Sith in my thoughts, I did no whit abuse ye.

Delornys Primerose.

Thus haue I told you, all you did demand,
And more will tell you, if you do request it,
Ther's nothing lieth, within my powerlesse hand,
But age shall haue it, els I will detest it :

Then aske and haue, ther's nought consists in mee,
But you free owner, of the same shalbe.

Then did hee seeme, to cloake both wrath and loue,
The heate of one, did quench the others fire,
Where two extremes, in one doth seeme to moue,
It qualifieth, the hotnesse of desire :

For neither mou'd, with loue nor fretfull spleene,
Clad in these words, his speech was neatly seene.

Your curtesies, excel farre my desert,
My merits no way, can them counteruayle,
But if my loue, or aught within my heart,
Can equell them, I will in no wayes fayle :
But what you haue, in kindenesse shew'd to mee,
By mee shall no wayes, vnrequitted bee.

For looke what nurture, doth by nature owe,
Vnto a stranger, you haue shewed to mee,
Then if that I, a stranger should not showe,
Such curteous deeds, as might with yours agree :
Well might I gaine, my self a scandall crime,
And shew miss-spent, the trauells of my time.

But sith that now, the sunne hath well neare past,
His half daies course, climbing the loftie sphere,
And that long trauell, in your lims hath plast,
Hungar and thirst, with hunting of the Deere :
Let me intreate you, with these cates of mine,
In this my bower, this once with mee to dine.

Dolarnys Primeroise.

I gaue him thankes, and seem'd right well content :
At which my words, the Hermit turn'd him round,
Vnto his scrip, he then directly went,
Taking a cloth, and spread it on the ground :
And as his cloth, and cates he neatly layed,
With smyling tearmes, these words to mee he sayd.

Sir, thinke not now, your selfe in towne or court,
For to bee pampered, with delicious fare,
For here remaynes, no pompe nor stately port,
But thinke you here, inuorn'd round with care :
Here vse we not, our bellies for to fill,
But feed at neede, sterne hunger for to kill.

With these hee went, to fetch some water in,
While I stood musing, for to see his fare,
For he had set, a skull for to begin,
Which would haue moou'd, a prodigall to care :
And right against it, stood an houre glasse,
Where one might see, how swiftly time did passe.

Then did he set, an earthern pot of flowers,
Whose colour cleare, was withered quite away,
Then did he set, two other, whose faire powers,
Seem'd to contayne, the pleasures of the day :
And then a booke, and then a little bell,
But what that ment, my senses could not tell.

No bit of meate, vpon the table stood,
But some fewe rootes, the which alone did lie :
Alas thought I, this is but simple food,
Yet for this once, I will not him deny :
But I will sit, and thinke I haue good meate,
That I may see, how he these cates wil eate.

Then

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Then with his pitcher, he came in againe,
Fill'd with fayre water, from a fountain cleare,
And purer farre, then siluer drops of raine,
That falleth in, the Aprill of the yeare:

Then with these words, he tooke mee by the hand,
You ſee your fare, now doo not muſing stand.

But ſit you downe, vpon theſe flowers by mee,
Although course fare, to dinner you ſhall haue,
Yet fit I pray, and beare mee companye,
For nere good fare, was in a Heremits caue:

Yet iſ that want, thereof your ſenſe doth dull,
Our table talke, ſhall ſurely fill you full.

Then ſat I downe, vpon the carpet graffe,
Where after thankes, to God for that our meate,
He did begin, the dinner time to paſſe,
With ſad diſcourse, but not a bit did eate:

For in his hand, he tooke the dead mans ſcul,
The which did ſeeme, to fill his ſtomacke full.

He held it ſtill, in his ſinifer hand,
And turn'd it foſt, and stroakt it with the other,
He ſmil'd on it, and oſt demurely faund,
As it had beeene, the head of his owne brother:

Oft would h'haue ſpoke, but ſomething bred delay,
At length halfe weeping, theſe words did he ſay.

This barren ſcull, that here you do behold,
Why might it not, haue beeene an Emperours head?
Whose ſtore-houſe rich, was heap'd with maſſy gold,
If it were ſo, all that to him is dead:

His Empire, crowne, his dignities and all,
When death tooke him, all them from him did fall.

Why

Dolarnys Primerose.

Why might not this, an Empresse head haue beene,
Although nowe bare, with earth and crooked age?
Perhaps it was, the head of some great Queene,
Vertuous in youth, though now spoil'd with earths rage:

Well if it were, so rich a treasure once,
Now tis no more but ratling gasty bones.

Say that it were, the head of some great man,
That wisely searcht, and pri'd out euery cause,
And that inuented, eu'ry day to skanne,
The deep distinctions, of all sorts of laws:

And sometimes so, cut off his neighbours head,
Why if it were, himselfe is now but dead.

And might it not, a Lady sometimes ioye,
T'haue deckt, and trim'd, this now rainbeaten face,
With many a trick, and new-found pleasing toye?
Which if that now, she did behold her case:

Although on earth, she were for to remaine,
She would not paint, nor trimme it vp againe.

Why might not this, haue beene some lawiers pate,
The which sometimes, brib'd, brawl'd, and tooke a fee,
And lawe exacted, to the highest rate?
Why might not this, be such a one as he?

Your quirks, and quillets, now sir where be they?
Now he is mute, and not a word can say.

Why might not this, haue garnisht forth some dame,
Whose sole delight, was in her dog and fanne,
Her gloues, and maske, to keepe her from the aime,
Of *Phebus* heate, her hands or face to tanne:

Perhaps this might, in euery sort agree,
To be the head, of such a one as shee.

E

Or

Chaucer's Canterbury

Or why not then have fitten partie lame
That murther he, he have both he and hel.
Murther not have ayen hem is an honest game.
After he hadde gone thence for to bwal.
And I come there long after he were dead
And purchase he no fittry panthers head.

Or say therfore thus, come three shand foyng game.
The which was he, but then a knave was ther.
And kept a houle of wanton / Foyng game.
Whil such time her shunnes al were bawld:
And ther come me vnto Galles syce wel sped.
May syce of that, and this might be her head.

But O I come, I come the farr aby.
And goote and take my wif quite out of doore.
Say therere a King, Queene, Lord, or Lady gay.
A Lawyer, Minister, Pandre, or a whore:
If it were noblie, it were not for mee to creake on.
If it were basse, it were too vile to speake on.

But what so ere it was, now his bot this,
A dead mans soul, riperped from his grace.
Yet doo I make it, stell my formest dith.
For why? 'tis all the comfort that I haue:
In that I may, when any dine with mee,
Shew what they were, and eke what they shall bee.

Then on the cloath, he set it downe againe,
And with a sigh, hart-deepe with halfe a groane,
Which drew salt teares, from out his eyes amaine,
Although he cloak'd them, with a prittie moane:
Well sir quoth he, although your chear's not great,
This is the sawse, you shall haue to your meate.

Which

Dolarnys Primerose.

Which I no nigard, wish you not to spare,
Although it be an ill digesting meate,
Yet such it is, that we must knowe and heare,
Though wee not that, yet that our liues will eate :
And who soere, within my bowre shall dine,
Shall taft this fawfe, ere any cates of mine.

Then did hee giue mee of his rootie foode,
And bad mee eate, and hee tooke of the same,
Hee eate thereof, affirming it were good,
But I to taste it, knew not how to frame :
And yet because, that I was hunger-beaten,
I chaw'd a bit, and seem'd as though I had eaten.

Then did he take, his pitcher in his hand,
And courteously, did proffer drinke to mee,
I wil'd him drinke, and I at his commande,
Nexete taster of, that same his drinke would bee :
Hee dronke thereof, and after so did I,
And sett the pott, vpon the ground vs by.

Then in his hand, he tooke the houre glasse,
And these like words, to me he did bewraye :
Behold saith he, how here the time doth passe,
Tread you vpright, or go you quite a stray :
Here may you see, how swift your time doth runne,
And ceaseth not, vntill your life be done.

This glasse euen now, was full of slipery sand,
This glasse even now, was like the prime of youth,
This glasse euen now, was fill'd with plentyes hand,
Only in this, you may behold Times truth :
Here you may see, that time is always sliding,
This is a mirrour, of fickle tim[e]s abiding.

Dolarnys Primerose.

See how it glides, see, see, how fast it runne,
Say a good life, vpon this time did dwell,
wer't not too soone, his houre should be come,
If hee in vertue, others did excell :
 No, were he *Moses*, *Dauid* or *Salomon*,
 His time thus come, his life must needs be gon.

Now 'tis full out, the lampe hath burn'd the oyle,
This hours funne, within this glasse is set,
Were this a man, he now were free'd from toyle,
All earthly labors, now he would forget :
 And as this sand, within this glasse lie still,
 So shoulde the earth, his breathlesse body hill.

Without more words, the glasse he did set downe,
And tooke two potts, of flowers in his hands,
Hee knit his browes, and seemed for to frowne,
Yet of the vertues, thus at length he skans :
 These with'red flowers, were as faire as these,
 And these faire flowers, wilbe as soule as these.

This pot of flowers, that dead and with'red be,
In prime of shew, but yesterday were growing,
Their blasted lookes, thus faded as you see,
Were yesterday, both pleasant fresh and flowing :
 What wee are all, by these wee may deuine,
 When death shall cut, our thred and fatall line.

And these faire flowers, that now so faire doo seeme,
Whose powers were foster'd, with this mornings deaw,
Their gaudy time, as I do iustly deeme,
Is nigh halfe spent, as triall shall prove true :
 For ere their lookes, the morrow light shall see,
 Their pleasant hewe, full with'red off shalbe.

These

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

These faded flowers, are like vnto the man,
The which cold dead, vpon the ground doth lie,
With gaſtly colour, viſage pale and wan,
And many mourners, him attended by :

His life thus gon, his body nothing craue,
But to be hid, within an earthly graue.

The with'red flowers, then he did set downe,
And tooke the flowers, equall to the other,
Which when they were, each one by other showne,
Scarfe could I deeme, the on's hew from the other :

But that the laſt, in's right hand he did hold,
The firſt of them, his left hand did infold.

Then with ſad lookeſ, he ſigh't and thus beſpake,
Behold theſe flowers, a paradox in yeareſ :
With ſuch remorse, theſe ſpeeches from him brake,
That he diſpartly, ſmother them with teareſ :

Behold (quoth he) the man that liues in payne,
And eke the man, that doth in ioye remayne.

These flowers (quoth he) hiſ right haſ flowers meaning,
Doth repreſent, the life, of happy men,
The which with vertue, in their bounds conteining,
Do leade their liues, that none may looke agen :
Whose humane courſe, no man hath euer ſene,
To be corrupt, with ſretful ire or ſpleene.

These flowers are like, the man who from hiſ youth,
Hath led hiſ life, in pathes of vpright wayes,
Th'are like to him, that strayth not from the truth,
But liues in goodneſſe, all hiſ youthfull dayes :
Th'are like to him, whose yeareſ doo not decay,
But liueth young, vntill hiſ lateſt day.

Dolorys Primerose.

These flow'rs (quoth he) were cropt two days ago,
But yet doo keepe their perfect colour still,
The water is the cause why they doe so,
For why? brinfull this small pot I did fill:
So looke where vertue fill'd with sweet content,
There life or colour will not looke be spent.

Yet euen as beauty from these pretty flowers,
Though moistly kept at length wil quite consume,
So shall that man who hath with all his powers,
Decked him selfe in vertues sweet perfume:
For though he feedes long on moist vertues breath,
Yet at the length he yeelds himselfe to death.

Then did he looke vpon his left hand flowers,
Alasse (quoth he) me thinks I see you fade,
The drouth of wo consumeth all your powers,
Yare burnt with heat though always kept in shade:
For euen as care like fire consumes a man,
So drouth in shade your beauteous colours tanne.

These flow'rs are like the willfull prodigall,
That vnchrist-like spendeth his youthfull dayes,
Mounting vp still euen sodenly to fall,
By in directing of his willfull wayes:
His riotous life his toyes and lauish tongue,
Makes him looke old when that he is but young.

Th'are like to him that wantons it abroad,
With midnight revills kept in Venus court,
Sparing no cost but laith on golden loade,
And in a brothell keeps [his] Lordly port;
But when his purse and vaynes are all drawn drye,
Though he's but young he lookes as he would die.

Th'are

Dolarnys Primerose.

Th'are not vnlike, a vertuous nurtur'd child,
The which did flourish, in his tender yeares,
But got the reines, grows headstrong proud and wilde,
Till all his graine, is turn'd to frutleffe tares :

Then full of care, he leaues his foolish ioy,
And looks like age, when he is but a boie.

Good fir (quoth he,) thus haue I to you showne,
The vertu's of, these feuerall sorts of dishes,
My glasse and flowers, you the tast haue knowne,
Although not fill'd, with flesh nor dayntie fishes :

And with those words, he did set downe the flowers,
Feeding againe, for to reuiue his powers.

Not past two bits, the silly man did eate,
When in his hand, he tooke the booke and bell,
And thus of them, began for to intreat,
Whilst droping teares, from his sad eies befel :

This booke (quoth he) a mans shape seems to haue,
And this the bell, that cals him to his graue.

This Little booke, presents the life of man,
Wherein is wrap'd, the substance of his soule,
Which be it fresh, or be it pale or wan,
T' must separate, when as this bell doth toule :
How vertuous, bad, or pure soere it be,
When death doth call, soule must from body flee.

Within this booke, doth spring the well of life,
Which fountaine cleare, giues drinke to al that craues it,
Heare li'th the sword, that ends all Kindes of strife,
Deny'd to none, but all that seeks it haue it :
And they that vse, this sword, or water cleare,
This bells alarum, need not for to feare.

Within

Dolorrys Primeroje.

Within this booke, good men renew their sight,
When as they bathe, their liquid veines therein :
To heare this bell, it doth their soules delight,
They feare not death, they force him not a pin :
For when sterne death, thinkes most their soules t'anoy,
This is their shield, they thinke him but a toy.

This booke (quoth he) should Vsurers behold,
And soule visurpers, of their neighbours land,
That robs the poore, and heapes vp hoordes of gold,
To note it well, they would amazed stand :
And from those lands, and bagges of money fall,
For fear this Bell, to *Limbo* should them call.

If drunkards, gluttons, or lasciuious men,
Would deeply diue, into this small bookes lines,
Their owne black leaues, they would turne ore agen,
And soone bewaile, their monster-like spent times :
Arming themselues, with this, the scourge of hell,
Least they should feare, the tolling of the Bell.

Or if that they, who swell with haughty pride,
Within this booke, should make their looking-glaſſe,
Or if false theeues, should here their shares diuide,
And view it well, before they hence did pasſe :
Pride and *Celeno*, they would both go pray,
For feare this Bell, to hell should them conuay.

But if a good, and vertuous liuing man,
Should chance to prie, within this little booke,
He neede not feare, for he already can,
The calmie lines with faire digesture brooke :
If death him call, he doth him straight defie,
Only he knowes, from this world he must dye.

This

Dolarnys Primerose.

This Bell presents, the Crier of a Court,
The which in time, doth call both good and bad :
Each man thereto, must duly make resort,
For when he calles, an answer must be had :
And when pale death, shall shut vp all our powers,
The dolefull bell, doth strike our latest houres.

With which sad words, he set them on the cloath,
Now sir (quoth he) y'haue tasted all my fare,
The which to shew, to some I would be loath,
But speake I pray, how doo yee like this cheere :
Well : but mee thinkes, 'tis ill digesting food,
No sir quoth he, 'tis pleasant sweet and good.

For if a Prince, should chance to come this way,
And in mine Arbour, sit as now you doo,
These cates and cheere, to him I would forth lay,
And pray him looke, and taste vpon it too :
And would not let, his pardon for to craue,
To tell him this, doth represent his graue.

Or if a Queene, with all her courtly traine,
Of states and peeres, of Lords and Ladies gay,
Should come within, this little shadie plaine,
And in the Cell of poore *Maluchus* stay :
What should detaine, my tongue it might not tell,
They must not aye, in earthly pleasures dwell ?

Let all the Lawyers, lodg'd within new *Troy*,
And all the dames, that mincing minions are,
The pandar flaues, and strumpets, feeming coye,
Come here to mee, and none of them Ile spare :
But tell them all, and that with small offence,
Their time will come, and that they must pack hence.

F

If

Dolarnys Primeroise.

If mistresse *Maudlin*, with her golden locks,
Whose leman knowes, his well-grist-forked browes,
Or mistresse *Maukin*, who fate twise i'th stocks,
Should vndermine, these Hermit-shading bowes :

I would not let, their person thus to greeete,
Amend, your end, is but a winding sheete.

Let them that spend, the flower of their time,
The *Venus* wanton, and the prodigall,
Who doo not take, the sunne while it doth shine,
But let it passe, and thinke not of their fall :

Let them come here, but once and dine with mee,
And here Ile tell them, what their end shall bee.

Let those that hoard vp gold and siluer store,
And never thinkes, to part from it againe,
But sterue poore Orphans, at their wretched dore,
And sillie soules, for want thereof are slaine :

Let them looke here, here shall they plainly see,
At their last houre, what their best end shall bee

Let pride, and theft, and glasse drunkeneesse,
And all the pride, of all recreant domesnesse,
With all latrones folly and exalte
Repose to thay my late thaird houres.
And as to this tyme, as you have done with mee,
These shall they haue, what their best end shall bee

See it shal be, howe be i haue your heare
That you shal be take a day complayce herein,
See as my wroth and chere warres a pece
And shalbe you welcome to this townes faire
So as I haue to saye, the bloudy grame
Shall haue to saye, the bloudy grame

Fare

Dolarnys Primerose.

But now I see, an houre is fully spent,
Since we sat downe, within this homely place,
Wherefore if you, be therewithall content,
Weele end our dinner, with a thankfull grace :
Which being done, if that you please to stay,
We will discourse, to spend this Summers day.

I was content, the dutie was effected,
The borde was drawne, and all was laid aside,
Each on his feate, in shadow sweet elected,
And then the Hermit, thus his speech did' guide :
Good sir (quoth he) now doo I call to minde,
The *Paduan* brach, that was of *Spartan* kinde.

I pray you tell mee, doo you know her maister,
I aske, not that a Huntfman I would be,
But that I heard you say she did runne faster,
Then all the hounds, in that wood sounding crye :
Faine would I know, him that in *Padua* ought her,
And eke the man, that into *Albion* brought her.

I blusht to heare him name the dogge againe,
That I had nam'd, but neither seene, nor found,
For why ? the hunting was a morall plaine,
Himselfe the Hart, his loue the *Paduan* hound :
Yet that I might protec^tt my selfe from shame,
Thus vnto him, an answer I did frame.

Sir, that faire brach, a curteous Knight doth keepe,
Who in his armes, will hugge the tatling else,
And in his bosome, suffers her to creepe,
So that the Ape, growes curst, and bites himselfe :
And wer't not that I should be thought to glory,
Of them I could discourse a pretty storie.

Thoughts of Nature

No it shal be f that you think to tell
That faire siluer moon is from day
I cannot name her, for vaine and swelle
Wher that sweete vaine vixen lemons to lie:
Nor will I hinder you to make me peyne
Vnlike by her you say the place attayne

For that faire Pheasant I say was vaine
And with thise eyes I layly set behind
A righte the vixen does make me yet to moane
The which my tongue did never yet vaine:
Wherefore by her we may dilecte right well
Whiche of vs twa, the faire siluer shall tell

The hys were not the Hemes was the chace
He must prepare to tol the faire siluer
When I did thinke, that I should heare at large
His heretuck padnes sighted with romante:
But he as noe that wold be drearie
Began his Amorous tale to declare



The Hermites Discourse.

WHere grilly cares, floweth vntamed tides,
Within the Ocean of a penfus breft.
There sorrowes ship, still at an anchor rides,
Beaten with waues, of boiling thoughts vnrest:
Whole stormes of sighes, against that ship is sent,
Vntill her heart-worne tacklings all are rent.

For

Dolarnys Primerose.

For when my hart, began to harbour griefe,
And that my thoughts, had entartayned wo,
In deserts wilde, I sought to finde releefe,
And path-les paths, my vncouth steps did know :
 Vntill at length, I did behold and see,
 Each senselesse creature, boystrous stormes did flee.

The stormes did force the Lyon leauie his pray,
The wily Fox, to haften to his hoale,
The stormes did force, the Wolfe to houle and bray,
The hinde to steale, to couert with her foale,
 The stormes did force, th'Antilop for to hide her,
 In shelters safe, conducted by the *Tiger*.

The vgly Beare, vnto her whelps did runne,
The briſtled Bore, retired from his food,
The bounſing Doa, vnto the brakes did come,
The fearefull hare, did haften to the wood :
 And all the beasts, that natures art did mould,
 Some harbour sought, to keepe them from the cold.

Then did I likewife, to my Chamber go,
Whose walls were painted, with oreflowing teares,
Mixt with the colour, of distresse and wo,
Drawne out with knots, of hopeleſſe grieſe and feares :
 My bed of ſorowе, I had lately bought,
 My ſheets with fighes, moſt ſumptuously were wrought.

My bolſter, fill'd, with ſad lamenting groanes,
My pyllowe, all imbrodred ore with care,
My blanckets, framed full of wayling moanes,
My couering, imboſſed with diſpaire :
 Thus was my Chamber, deckt on euerie ſide,
 With wo and grieſe, wherein I did abide.

Shakespeare's Sonnets

When I see thee my heart mourneth to mourne
The beauty thou hast loste I had my fill.
Thou wert the fairest wonder and rarest
That euer did me sette in thine fill.

Then is my life of late was not a ware
Now art thou come the summe of my ware.

For I have had pleasure the while but little
And alwey the earth is my bed houses bament.
Wherewill the kyng that I haue done wronge
Vnhaue great allies or fayre waues haue sent:
For her they were as if my life were sailing,
I want my maste and if my life were plowing.

For thwarted lights I haue in all the are
Wher from the are I haue them to againe
A thwarted times I haue bypast my are
Wher till my care did vse my life remaine:
I lighte a lond and weyng hande did bring,
And sometimes long my wres with someting.

But after that I had my life tormentid
With herte grieves wherout I dayne fed
So that the rugged brachiale bones lamentid
I wrapt my herte in that care coverd bed:
Wher thus my thoughts did meditate on griefe,
Not knowing how, nor where to finde redede.

The malecontent is wayted on with wa.
The Louers life is care ore-guilt with joyes,
The penitent his breif with fobs doth flowre,
Shedding out teares his pensiuе soule auoydes:
Sighes at a beck, to each of them do fall,
Sorrow doth sit, attending on them all.

The

Dolarnys Primerose.

The malecontent, he neyther eates nor sleeps,
But meditates, vpon he knowes not what,
His daring eies, vpon the earth still peepes,
But what he seekes, his senses quite forgat :
 His sullen thoughts, doth feede on bitter gall,
 Most is his mirth, where greatest is his thrall.

Farre more hee labours, in his troubled minde,
Then all the Plough-men, in a thousand feelds,
His haruest reapt, when seafons are most kinde,
Lesse is his gaine, then least of all their yeelds :
 Hee thinkes his state, is happier then many,
 Yet loues, nor hates, nor feares, nor cares for any.

His life he loues, as men loues sommers snowe,
For life and death, are both to him all one,
A life to death, he's sure that he doth owe,
Hee death imbracet, ere that his life is gone : (him)
 With this his vayne, hee thinkes the Gods haue blest
 And in this vaine, he go'th a while to rest him.

The Louer sad, I moane with kinde remorse,
For why ? I knowe no surgeon can him cure,
His vnfeene wounds, are of so strange a force,
That liuing long, no wight can them indure :
 He's frizing hotte, and liuing alwayes dead,
 Disparyng hopes, and loosing thinkes him sped,

He's well yet sicke, and knowes not wher's his griefe,
He's burning cold, he hath and yet he skants,
He's seeking still, though neuer findes releefe,
His heart seemes pleaf'd, yet that he wish he wants,
 Twixt two extremes, his ship is alwayes fayling,
 He thinkes him sped, when all his baits are fayling.

Hee

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Hee mourning ſings, hee ſmiles in ſorrow ſad,
Hee dying liues, and liues by alwaies dying,
Hee nougnt inioyes, yet with his nothing glad,
Hee ſtill purfewes, where hee ſees nothing flying :
His reſtleſſe pangs, would make a world to wonder,
Yet drowſie ſleep, doth force him to a ſlumber.

The penitent, that doth in anguifh payne,
Hee ſinking, ſwims in gulfes of deepe diſpaire,
In ſhade he ſitts, his funne doth ſildome ſhine,
His drinke is wo, his meate is clogged care :
Hee hopes, he feares, and thus in hoping ioyes,
Hope makes him glad, but fearing him annoyes.

To vncouth places, he doth alwayes hant,
His peniuie conſcience, wills him there to wander,
His tort'red body, ſeemes to ſeele more want,
Then for his *Hero*, did loue-drown'd *Leander* :
No deſert darke, nor pleauant lawne long holds him,
But weary ſtill, his iuie armes infolds him.

He ſighing peeps, from earth vnto the ſkies,
Then wofull lookeſ, from ſkie to earth againe,
From earth he came, in heauen his conforſt lies,
Thus on he walkes, twixt muuall ioy and paine :
In darkſom night, nor yet in pleauing day,
His life nere stands, at one contented ſtaye.

Well do I know, the teares and bitter moane,
The penitent, doth vtter with his wayling,
For in that griefe, I ſeele my ſelfe as one,
That haue a ſhip, within that Ocean ſayling :
And hope at length, with others that have ſtore,
To bring my ſhip, vnto a happy ſhore.

Thus

Dolarnys Primerose.

Thus did I lie, with fundry meditations,
Thus were my thoughts, with diuers changes led,
Which musings were, my chiefest consolations,
Till drowsie sleepe, was hanging in my head :
 Which then began, my senses to surprise,
 Binding the deawie closures of mine eies.

But slumber soft, no sooner had inclof'd,
The watry windows, of my wofull eies,
When as mee thought, a champion bold oppof'd,
My sleeping fenses, with sad miseries :
 Whose warlike lims, in iron rough were girt,
 The which descry'd, the courage of his heart.

His burgonet, his vaunbrace and his sheeld,
Were framed all, of fire tempered steele,
With golden starres, amid a fable feeld,
Whose masie substance, I did seeme to feele :
 Fixt was his beauer, voy'd of plumie fanne,
 Or quainte deuise, vpon his helme to stande.

At which dread sight, my senses were amazed,
Though drowsie winkes, did rock them still asleepe,
Mine eies did seeme to wake, and waking gazed,
Yet heauie slumbers, closly did them keepe :
 But then his voice, that seem'd my heart to shake,
 Vnbound his tongue, which then these words bespake.

Awake, awake, ye winged wits of *Rome*,
Your flying fancies, wrapt in fiery ayre,
Sing *Iulius* worth, *Agricola* intoombe,
Your spirits high, closed in mansions faire,
Too long haue slept, in Loues delicious awe,
Forgetting still, your kind *Agricola*.

G

But

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

But where am I? or where doe I declare,
My wofull name, with prostrate invocations?
What shall my sorows, pearce an Albions eare?
And fright poore Padua with my exclamations?
No: let me first, from faire Elizea fal,
And choake the deep'ſt infernall with my thrall.

O no: let Rome, let Rome ſucke vp mine anguish,
Let Rome, the mother of my infants yeares,
Swell with my sighs, in which my ſoule ſtill languiſh,
Let Rome, diſolute her ſelſe with dolefull teares:
Let Roman Poets, ſing great Iulius name,
With blazinc trophies, of eternall fame.

But they are gone, from Romes terrefiaſſl verges,
whofe muſe admir'd, were crown'd with quiuring baies,
O they are dead, that ſhould haue ſong my derges,
With dolefull langours, and diſtreſſfull layes:
He liu's in bliſſe, that ſung the warres of Troye,
Dead is the ſwayn, that told of Phillis ioye.

Yet doth he liue, eternized with glory,
That sweetly ſung renowmed Scipioes warres,
He liues that told Æmiliaes laſting ſtory,
Mixt with Anthonius and Octauius iarres:
A thouſand more, doo liue, whofe fames doe ring.
Yet none of dead Agricola will ſing.

Wherfore ſith I, of force am ſummon'd here,
The ſtorie of my wofull dayes to tell,
And Rome denies, to lend her liſtning eare,
Attend Maluchus, and with ſorrows ſwell,
That Albion faire, may wayle my tragedy,
Which ſleeping, waking, thou ſhalt heare of mee.

When

Dolarnys Primerose.

When great Vespasian, wore the diadem,
Of Romes large Empire, and with conquering hand,
Had wonne the wals, of faire Ierusalem,
Whose stately towers, were at his command :
 The Romes sweet aire, my youngling daies did nuroish,
 Her nectar pappes, my infancie did cherish.

Where, whilst my years, were tender, soft and young,
In lernings cradle, I was lai'd to sleepe,
My carefull tutor, ore mee sweetly sung,
And I some straines, of his did note and keepe :
 Esteeming them, so highly in my power,
 That I did hug them, till my latest houre.

Then did I frame, my tongue to courtly charmes,
And how to tread, the distance of a dance,
And then I practis'd, how to manage armes,
To tosse a pike, and how to weeld a lance :
 Then with sound rackets, close within a wall,
 I nimblly learn'd, to tosse a tennisse ball.

To hunt a deere, I somtime tooke delight,
And sometime see, the lightfote hare to play,
And sometime with an egar fawlcons flight,
I would consume, the weary longsome day :
 A foamng steed, then would I learne to pace,
 And swallow-swift, runne him a double race.

Then in a ring, I would him gently trot,
A full cariere, then did I learne to make,
Then to curuet, then for to gallop hot,
Then stop him quick, that he new breath might take :
 Then on his crest, my flattring palme would slide,
 The more to cheere, his hot couragious pride.

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

At Tilt and Tourney, then did I learne to ride,
With clattring shockes, to breake a sturdy launce,
After the combate, then with portly pride,
My foaming courser, would himſelfe aduance :
Whose ſumptuous cariage, did ſo much excell,
That in each Tourney, I did beare the bell.

For ſo I manag'd that couragious beast,
That he would vault, leape, coruet, plunge, and prance,
With startling furie, fold his doubled crest,
With loſtie capers, stowpe, stop, and lightly daunce :
With fierie rage, ſtrike, ſtare, and trample proudly,
Beating the ſtones, ſtamping and neighing loudly.

Each ten dayes once, *Olympus* eaſt we held,
Meeting in tilt, with compleat armour bright,
So that I knew, right well my ſpeare to weld,
And how t'incounter, with the hardieſt Knight :
And ſometime hit, with counterbuffe ſo found,
That he lay weltring on the fullen ground.

Whilſt the ſpectators voices high did laud mee,
With hou'ring hattes, and loud tumultuous cries,
The trumpet shrill, did ſeeme for to applaud mee,
Pearſing the highest Zenith of the ſkies,
Where might be heard, vnpartiall voyces ſay,
Young *Iulus* wonne, the honour of the day.

Then was I brought, to liue in ſtately Court,
Wheras I fed, of daintieſt painted lookeſ,
For gallant dames, there dayly did reſort,
To haue their faces, read in ſteed of bookeſ,
And foone I learned, with an am'rous tongue,
To read the lineſ, that were their bookeſ among.

Fortun

Dolarnys Primerose.

Fortune did fo aduance my blooming dayes,
That in the court, I gain'd a courtly place,
And happy he, that most my name could raise,
I late so high, in great *Vespasians* grace :
Each one vnlearned, thought their learned skill,
If not imploy'd, my fantasie to fill.

Agricola, was bruted through the land,
No tongue did moue, but spake of *Julius* name,
Each Martialist, that did controule a band,
Mutely admir'd, to heare of *Julius* fame :
For sweet discourse, reuels, and chualrie,
Who was renown'd ? *Agricola* euen I.

Walkt I in Court, there Lamprils eyes descrid mee,
If in the towne, the Cittizens would know mee,
If mountaines bare mee, shewheard swaines espied mee,
In countrie townes, each vnto each would shew mee :
And all would bend, with curtesies to mee,
Whilst I to them, would giue like curteſie.

What should I say ? but that I should not say ?
All honour still, in Court attended on mee,
I still in great *Vespasians* bosome lay,
So gratiouſly, did fortune smile vpon mee :
And as I grew, each day to riper yeeres,
Each day renowne, did place me with great peeres.

But then *Bellona*, with her hot alarm's,
Did summon mee, vnto the dint of warre,
Where I with troupes, of worthy men at armes,
Refuse no toile, to meeke that bloudie iarre :
Although great *Neptunes* boyling empire lay,
Betweene our land, and that rich golden bay.

Dolarnys Primerose.

But straight we rigg'd, our huge sea rending ships,
Whose spreading failes, with gentle *Eurus* aide,
In *Thetis* fields, through glassie billows slips,
No crosse of *Fortune*, once our Nauie staide :
 Vntill wee came, at that gold-shining towne,
 That was the spring, of *Julius* renowne.

Where vnawares, we thrust with speed to land,
And orderly, our valiant forces placed,
With squadrons faire, vpon that forreine strand,
With glitt'ring armour, all the plaines defaced :
 But then our foes, like champions stoute and bold,
 Came with their power, for to defend their hold.

With hot Brauado's, and vndaunted spirits,
They marcht along, from out their Cittie gates,
Ambitious all, aduancement sought by merits,
Committing life, and land, to froward fates :
 Nor wee, nor they, no parle seem'd to craue,
 Combat, and battaile, each one desir'd to haue.

For raging furie, brooketh no delay,
Armie beards armie, in the bloody field,
Their trampling Gennets, fierie breathings neigh,
Their launces brauely, their strong courfers wield :
 Ensignes displai'd, lowd drums and trumpets sound,
 Whose threatening terror, from the clowds rebound.

Now warlike *Mars*, some of thy valour fend mee,
Tip my weake tongue, with gads of tempered steele,
Or thou braue *Pallas*, some of thy power lend mee,
That I may seeme, to make the hearers feele :
 What buffets, blowes, lim-parting-stroakes and scars,
 Are by ~~ster~~ ^{men} in thy bloody iars.

My

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

My tongue's too feeble, to diſcipher out,
The raging furie, acted in martiall traines,
Yet will I ſhew, the proweſſe of this route,
Which thus incounter'd, on the Southerne plaines :
 The valiant horfemen, firſt with swift cariers,
 In fundrie ſplinters, ſhiuerd their piercing ſpeares.

Then to their Carbins, then vnto handy blowes,
Then violent shots, like to the Oceans rage,
With pell-mell-shocks, out of each armie goes,
Each man to win, his courage did ingage :
 And stormes of Bullets, like to winters haile,
 Out of each ſquadron, did their foes affaile.

Then armours clatter'd, ſwords gaue blow for blow,
A hand, a hand, a foote, a foote did craue,
Life, life desir'd, bloud vpon bloud did flow,
Each Curtleax dig'd himſelfe a goarie graue :
 There did *Bellona*, like a lion teare,
 Rough irefull gallants, on her tossing ſpeare.

The radiant ſkie, was darkned with the smoake,
That iſſued from the patterning Muſket shot,
Which ſlumbring fume, our ſouldiers ſeem'd to choake,
The day and battaile, were ſo moultring hot :
 The thundring Canons, plaied on either ſide,
 Whose dreadfull furie, legions did diuide.

And as the waues, driuen with outragious stormes,
Beateth the rampiers of vnmoouing rockes,
So did our Captaines, labour with hot alarmes,
Them to repulſe, with ſhi'ring launces ſhockes :
 Here lies ſome dead, there other freshly bleeds,
 Trampling vpon them, with vnruſy ſteeds.

Abound

Edward IV.

Abrounding were mounted in the field,
Death stood sealed at his owne invention,
Emme bekeft her selfe in fayre ffeid,
Reine and Roome reuel'd with diffencion:
Raging Renesse spored in hantir blood,
That rann'd earth, ore-dyed beching flood.

Hard-dyng times, fighting and greves groan's,
Wide gaping worms, stord hammering ones,
Heart-goeing shaks, bursting of legges and boanes,
Life galling teates, forced from bloody eyes:
Men kill'd, wak'd, as dreadfull warre defird,
Lying and dyng, while Partas breath retired.

Yet was the battayle, in a ballance found,
Till I undauated, cheer'd each feeble wing,
Which doone our valiant forces gather'd ground,
Then courage, followe, all the feeld did ring:
Then did our foes, feare, faynt, and flattly flie,
Whilst wee as victors, victorie did cry.

Then did our soldiers, tryple valour take,
The small caliuers, then did discharge apace,
The pykes and halberts, liuing lims did shake,
With feares pursute, the targueters did chace:
The horfe-men swiftly, did their launces bend,
The cannons swiftly, did their bullets send.

Then in our plumes, Fortune did seeme to play,
For that our foes, lay weltring in their blood,
Yeelding to vs, the honor of the daie,
The faire greene seeld, all sanguined ouer stood:
Here lie stout champions, pearst with deadly launces,
There laye braue Captains, leading fatall daunces.

Dolarnys Primerose.

Here fell a body, there tumbles off a head,
Here laye one maym'd, there laye one flaine out-right,
Here lay a souldier, groueling scarsly dead,
There lay a leader, here laye a warlike knight :
 There a coronel, here a Gallant slayne,
 Thus were they scatter'd, ore the purple plaine.

And thus at length, we forc'd them to retire,
Closing themselues, within their Cittie walls,
Which wee inuiornd round with sword and fire,
Pelting their frontiers, with hot poud'red balles :
 Whence wee might heare, clamorous shrikes & cries,
 Nipped with waylings, in the troubled skies.

Then wee began, their towring walles to scale,
Taking the time, by his rough hairie top,
While fickle Fortune, flylie brew'd their bale,
That we the flowre of their delight might crop :
 Short tale to make, valour and high renowne,
 Our conqu'ring powres, plac'd in that warlike towne.

Whence many fled, to saue their wretched liues,
Many did humbly kneele to kisse our feete,
Virgins, and maides, infants and trembling wiues,
With prostrate teares, did all our forces greeete :
 Where I proclaimed, with a trumpet meeke,
 That all should liue, that then their liues did seeke.

Who much did muse, to see so milde a fo,
Thinking themselues, conquered not at all,
Their sad applauses, gaue vs leaue to knowe,
The ioye they tooke, in that their rising fall :
 And where before, w'had onely woon the towne,
 Then of their hearts, we seem'd to weare the crowne.

H

For

Chorus: Farewell.

For they did bring alight with free content,
Their wealthy fare, out our hands to give
Their gold and levers then they did present,
Their love of goods they seemed not to grieve:
For why? they knew that we of them before,
Had given a femme worth all the wide worlds store.

Two ships we had within the Sattin faire,
Triumphing full in wealth and game,
With precious faires and peaces beyond compare,
We did match our warlike troupes and traine:
Our sounding shps. dighted their foelling prides,
Such wealthie fraught dighted their bended sides.

While little shippes we right and trim'd anew,
With mads of silver, then they did adorne them,
The old attire ambitiously they threw,
Amidst the goods, as they had never worne them:
Our yards were all of lilly, white as milke,
Our tacklings fram'd, of perfect twisted silke.

Our maine-sailes all of glaine Sattin faire,
Our top-sailes were, most sumptuous to behold,
Our spred top-gallants, trembling in the ayre,
Were framed all of glittering cloth of gold:
Our dallying ensignes, wau'ring in the skie,
Were all imbold, with rich imbrodery.

While that our shps, thus in the port were trimming,
I cal'd our troupes, into their Senate hall,
Whereas I made, no drosse nor pure skimming,
But with content, I did content them all:
None parted with a discontented heart,
For why? I gaue each man his full desert.

All

Dolarnys Primerose.

All which compleat, a pleafant gale of winde,
Did gentlie whisper, ore our Nauies Poope,
As though t'had knowne, w'had finiſht vp our minde,
So ſweet a breath, made our top gallant ſtoope :
Which cauſed vs, leaſt that the winde ſhould fail's,
Our Anchors weigh, and hoift our ſilken failes.

Then of the towne, our laſt farewel we tooke,
With thundring noife, that ſeem'd t'affright the ayre,
Whilſt Ladies from the ſhoares on vs did looke,
With woſwolne eyes, that we had leſt them there :
They ſhoote their hands, and ſhed teares for our ſake,
In hope for them, our ſhips we would turne back.

Their ſighes they ſent, ouer the billowes rough,
Brought to our ſhips, with *Zephyrus* gentle hiffes,
And when they ſaw, we knew it well inough,
With balmie breath, they blew to vs their kiſſes :
Their gloves they tooke, and in the water fling them,
Hoping the tide, vnto our ſhips would bring them.

But *Eolus* which our friend diſtill remaine,
Hasted our ſhips, from off that ſorreine coaſt,
Fearing leaſt that we ſhould turne backe againe,
And ſo our paines, were altogether loſt :
For why ? he knew, their *Syren*-tempting-ſongs,
Might well pretend, vnto our further wrongs.

Wherefore no leaue, he gaue vs to diſpene,
But liuely gales, he whifled in our ſhrowdes,
So that he ſoone conueid our Nauie thence,
Rowling amidſt, the all vntamed flouds :
And by the power, of his great ſwaying hand,
W'are driuen from ken, of that delightfull land.

H 2

Then

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then were we toff'd, in *Neptunes* tenniss-court,

Whereas the waues, did rackets seeme to take,

To beate and bandy, was their onely sport,

Vntill a set game, they agreed to make:

Yet like young boyes, they did dallyng play,

Which tosse new bales, for that they are so gaye.

For our faire ships, swelled the seaces with pride,

When they began, to daunce in *Tethis* lap,

But hauing reynes, within her verge to ride,

The surges seem'd their boystrous hands to clap:

Triton did sound, in most harmonious wise,

Whilst *Neptune* gazed, on our welthy prise.

Who seem'd to call, *Apollo* from his chaire,

Nephew (faith he) knowe you this portly fleete,

Which seemes to come from out the Phrigian aire,

Where wee with store and treasure once did meete,

The firme foundation, of faire *Troye* to laye:

The which had florisht, till this present day,

Had these [been] Grecians, which as I suppose,

Falsly betray'd, that vnremouing towne,

Since which time they, themselues right wel might lose,

In watry deserts, vnder my spatiouse crowne:

But if I knew, that these were surely they,

I would orewhelme them, in the brinish sea.

At whose sterne words, *Apollo* seem'd to speake:

No gentle Nephew, mittigate your ire,

These are our friends, the which no peace will breake,

These men haue beene, to fetch Promethean fire:

These men are they, that trauells for our good,

Who are descended, from the *Troian* blood.

Then

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then vse them gently, as our chiefeſt friends,
And through your kingdomes ſafelie them conduſt,
See all the gulfes, that you to them doo cleanse,
So that their fleete, to *Scilla* be not ſuckt:
For if their land, they ſafely doo attaine,
They ſhall haue fame, but we ſhall haue the gaine.

Then *Neptune* ſeem'd to calme his rugged brow,
Commanding *Triton*, all his pow'rs to call,
(While that our Theams, the frothie brine did plow)
He held a parle, in his ſpatious hall:
All ſtormie windes, he chaſt from out his land,
Onely faire *Zephyr*, at his beck did stand.

Who ſent fresh gales, as we on billowes ſaide,
Neptune himſelfe, did waite vpon our fleete,
And when the wind, feared diſpleaſure, quaid,
Then would he helpe vs, with a tide moſt ſweet:
And when proud *Zephyr*, roughly ſeem'd to blow,
He would command him, he ſhould be more flow.

Thus did the great commander of the Sea,
Conduſt our Nauie, through his empire wide,
Vntill at length, vpon a calmie day,
Our natuie land, we ioyfully efpide:
Whose louely bankes, ſeemed with ſugerd charmes,
To call our fleete, into her folding armes.

Then did wee haſten to thoſe happy ſhores,
Mounted vpon the wings of ſwift deſire,
Our failes did ferue, for labouring armes and oares,
To gaine the port, to which we did aſpire:
And *Eolus*, no breath did vs denie,
But cauſd our ſhips, like *Pegasus* to flie.

Dolarnys Primeroose.

Vntill we came, neare to the long wisht strand,
On whose faire bankes, a thousand did attend,
To welcom vs, vnto that happy Land,
For of their joyes, there seem'd to be no end :
With musick loude, with drums & trumpets sound,
They drewe our shippes, vnto that pleasant ground.

Each souldier weake, the which the waues did check,
And halse dead fill'd the body of each ship,
Did then reuiue, and walke vpon their decke.
Clapping their hands, and seem'd for joy to skip :
In that great *Neptune*, lead vs all that while,
And set vs safe, vpon our natvie Ile.

Who then did seeme, with all his frothie traine,
On *Dolphins* backes, to mount their watry lims,
And smyling *Thetis*, left vs on the plaine,
And with that Monarch, thence togither swims :
Commanding *Triton*, for to sound a call,
To hold a counsell, in *Charibdies* hall.

While we did leaue, our huge sea-cutting fleete,
Landing our troupes, Olimpikly on shoare,
Whereas whole legions, kindly did vs meeete,
Wee being arm'd, with gold and siluer store :
For ioye whereof, the hilles and dales did sound,
The rockes and riuers, did with noyse rebound.

Our well fraught nauie, then began to set,
Their thundring munick, to report their treasure,
And with high straines, their instruments to set,
With harts delight, whilst we did daunce with pleasure :
Which roasting co
That their thei
a recording plies,
named the cristall sties.
There

Dolarnys Primerose.

There were we brought, to that sea-beaten towne,
Inuorned, with warlike harmony,
And all their voyces, seem'd at once to crowne
Agricola, with fame and chualrie :

The rattling musick, quauerd amids the throng,
Th'hot caliuers, warbled the vndersong.

Whil'st I, in sted of pattring bullets threwe,
Siluer and gold, to pearce my country men,
To which hot skymish, there so many drewe,
That I would pawse, and then begin agen :
Till night drewe on, thus did I guild their streets,
With gaine of warre, siluer and forrein sweets.

But *Phlegon*, *Pyrous*, *Æous* and *Æthon* proud,
Amids the ayre, haftned with fiery wings,
To beare *Apollo*, toward the Ocean flood,
And as a present, him to *Iber* brings :
Where he with banquets, reuell'd out the night,
Vntill *Aurora*, brought the morning light.

When night was come, wee tooke our quiet rest,
Sleeping secure, voyd of suspect or wrong,
Such harmelesse thoughts, harbored in each brest,
That wee were fast, vntill the Leuerucke song :
Who in the aire, with chirpings seem'd to say,
Awake, behold, see the delightsome day.

For *Mennons* mother, then to world had brought,
So faire a shewe, of crimson speckled light,
All spangled ore, as if with Rubies wrought,
The which did banish, black *Cimmerian* night :
And glittring *Phebus*, then began to rife,
Gracing the earth, from out the azure skies.

Thus

Dolarnys Primerose.

Thus hauing safely, taken sweet repose,
And that Apollo, to the lifts was come,
From out our sheets, with speed wee then arose,
Leauing the port, with sound of trumpe and drumme :
 And then we tooke our iourney toward the court,
 Whereas our wel-come, was in princely sort.

For all the peers flocking about mee came,
With seeming gladnes of my safe returne,
Applauding still my then too happy name,
As though with Ioy, their inward hearts did burne :
 Then great Vespatiun, to accompt did call mee,
 To know what chance, in Mars schole did befall mee.

Where I discourst, how I had spent my time,
How I tooke ship, and how I past the flouds,
How I did land, vnder that forreine clyme,
And how with force, our enemies withstood's : (downe
 How with great paine, their troupes wee did beate
 And how at length, wee woon that mayden towne.

How many fled, to saue their loathed liues,
How many at our weapons points did fall,
How I did pittie, infants, maydes and wiues,
And how I gaue, mercy vnto them all :
 How they themselues, their iewells to vs brought,
 And how with store, our lustie shippes wee fraught.

Short tale to make, I nothing did delay,
But told him all, how that we went and came,
Euen from the first, vntill that present day,
Till he himselfe, did giue me triple fame :
 And honors high, vpon my head he set,
 But some repin'd, at those my titles great.

But

Dolarnys Primerose.

But then he tooke mee by this iron hand,
Iulius (quoth he) mount, mount in wars desire,
For now Ile send thee with a puissant band,
Where like a prince, thou shalt by fame aspire :

To be inruld, within a warlike storie,
With trophies of eternal prayse and glorie.

I'le make thee Gen'ral of as great a traine,
As ere was copt vnder the boundlesse skie,
Who as they march, shal hide each hill and playne,
And drinke at once, the foaming Ocean drye :

No shipps shall neede, to waft them ore the sea,
For they shal land it, in one fommers daye.

Not Xerxes armie, shal with them compare,
So many legions vnder thee shall go,
The sight whereof, shall make thy aduerse feare,
When thou doft come, t'encounter with thy fo :

Ile raine downe gold, still for thy souldiers pay,
Then gentle Iulius, stay not, haft away.

This promise vrg'd mee, once againe to go,
To trie my fortune, in Bellonaes schoole,
Soone was prepar'd, a gallant glittring show,
Whereas did want, no kinde of warlike toole :
There were they plac'd, each man in his degree,
And I proclaim'd, their Generall to be.

Then trumpets shrill, sounded aloud for ioye,
And thundring drums, filled the aire with noyse,
The soldiars all, each man and sturdy boye,
Houer'd their hearts, with an applawsing voyce :
Taking our leaue, then did we march along,
Arriuing safe, in (great) *Brittanie* strong.

Dolarnys Primerose.

In which faire soile, the Brittains bold did raine,
Th'vndaunted Scotsh men, and the Scithians wild,
The Cornish crew, and Calidonian traine,
The naked Silures, and the Pictians vilde :
Who all at once, prouided skil-lesse powers,
To drieue our forces, from their mean built towers.

For men like Satir's, clad in rustike tire,
Halfe weapon-lesse, with braying cries and cals,
To meet our daring army did aspire,
Praying vpon vs, like fierce Cannibals :
There might be heard, the hideous lumbring swasher,
Vnequally conforting with the clasher.

There might be heard, the hollowe wind bag'd droan's,
With direfull roaring : and the puffing piper,
There might be heard, harsh tunes with clattring bones,
The loud shrill drummer, and the iarring fiser
Which musicks discord, seem'd a confort right,
To courage vp, our foes vnmanag'd might.

Whose habits mean, did harbor haulty hardnesse, (lesse
Their stomacks stout, though skil-lesse made them feare-
Their prowesse doubtlesse bred their own vntow'rdnesse
Their desperate vetur's, shew'd their hearts were peerlesse :
Their valors swordlesse, made them still regardlesse,
Their blows were harmlesse, & their bodies wardlesse.

Their weapons were of, Ibeame, witch, and thorne,
Some had a skeane, and some a dart and durke,
Some fewe had bows, and arows pil'd with horne,
And priuie poynards, in some sleues did lurke :
Some hadle targes, some pikes with points new burned,
Some stil threwe stones, & some poore chariots turned.
Some

Dolarnys Primerose.

Some weeldeed spears, and sheelds of Elme full tough,
Some hare brayn'd roysters rid on garish steeds,
Some two hand swords, did vse of iron rough,
Whose aukward powers, acted most worthie deeds :

For why ? they thought, a man was neuer dead.
Till by some meanes, they had cut off his head.

Yet day by day, on bogges and brays wee met,
One while they vs, then straight wee them would chasē,
They vpon vs, we vpon them would set,
Such was the rest, wee tooke within that place :

Thus did we feed vpon the bread of warre,
Painting our lines, with many bloudy skar.

Full thrise three years, in Brittain I remayned,
From whence my fame, to stately Roome did flie,
But then Vespasian, was by death detained,
And mightie Titus, in that time did die :

Then grew my woes, then did my sorows spring,
Then, then did bloome, my fatall ruining.

For then Domitian, tirant-like did swaie,
The royall mace, and diadem of Rome,
Who vndescried, plottes did slyly lay,
To bring poore Iulius, to his finall doome :
And wrest my life, from mee by fowle deceipt,
For that my name, did day growe so great.

All meanes he sought, t'augment my worth and fame,
When rusty enuie, gnaw'd his cankered heart,
His cunning lipps, did seeme to rayse my name,
But still he fought, my death with flight and art :
Euen so Vlisses, flattered in the court,
While lucklesse Ajax, toyld with warlike port.

I 2

Yet

Dolarnys Primerose.

Yet I was worse, then *Telamons* poore sonne,
For hee was present, with his wily so,
He knewe his flights, long ere the spight was doone,
But *Julius* I, did neither see nor knowe:
 His causelesse enuy, I did neuer taste,
 How he chac'd mee, as I the *Brittains* chac'd.

He mee pursu'd, and I my soraine foes,
His stroakes were slight, but I rough payement gau,
He fought with wiles, I fought with rugged blowes,
He fought my wracke, I fought his life to saue:
 He wrought my bane, I wrought, to raise his same,
 He woon the prise, I lost the fet and game.

But all so fittid, to my seeming good,
That no misdeeming, in my heart did rest,
Although he dayly thirled for my bloud,
No such opinion, lodged in my breast:
 For then from *Brittany*, he did send for mee,
 And I of *Syria*, shoud Lieutenant be.

His ruyng letters, had such lofty straines,
That I was all mchanted with his charmes
I must to *Rome*, and leade my wanted traines
To cope with greater dignetee at armes:
 Wherever I tooke my leave and last adieu,
 With all my troupes great Syria to viewe.

It is when I came unto the Roman Chare
When greate name did ring throughout the world,
When the whole earth me to rever
For such amazement at my hand were had.
 Now I have I as many dangers and no rest,
 The long was gone, since the occasion

And

Dolarnys Primerose.

And thrise accurst, by destiny and fate,
Was then proclaym'd, a traytor for to be,
Against the Prince, the Counsell and the state,
The which did not, with my deserts agree :

Yet did *Vlisses, Palamede* so hate,
That with smooth words, he did cut off his pate.

Alas, alas, the time doth swifly runne,
For nowe I heare nights trumpeters shrill noyses,
Who hastens mee, my story to haue done :
O stay a while, and Ile obey your voyces !
For being closd, within that towring wall,
I heard no talke, but of my death and fall.

And on a day, before *Aurora* sprong,
To tell the world, that *Phebus* faire was comming,
I was inuited, with a mourning tongue,
Vnto a feast, prouided with great cunning :
Where I should feed, on such delicious cates,
As was prepar'd, for me and such like states.

I could not choose, but needes I must consent,
To go and see, that sweete and dainty fare,
Although I knewe, that feast with full intent,
Was so ordayn'd, to end my worldly care :
Yet I as willing as their hearts could wish,
Did viewe, and that, is banquets chiefest dish.

And when I came, vnto that spatiouse hall,
There did I see, my diet and my cheare,
My Caruer then, vnto mee I did call,
Saying these words, carue, friend, and do not feare :
Then did he cut, and I did eat such store,
That after then, I neuer did eat more.

Dolarnys Primerose.

Then this memoriall, of my endlesse soule,
Which had beene lockt within my body long,
Was registred, in a celestiall rowle,
And plac'd in ioye, whilst Angels sweetly sung :
Where troupes diuine, eternally shall raigne,
Keeping their Court, vpon *Elizian* plaine.

But worldling know, to thee I doo not come,
To tell thee how, I liued in my life,
Nor for to tell, this story all and some,
Which was my end, my death, and fatall strife :
A thousand heads, more of my state hath knowne,
Then in this storie, I to thee haue showne.

It were a pride, for me to tell thee this,
Or tell thee how, I dwell in Paradise,
No, no, I come, to lead thee vnto blisse,
Then heare my words, note them, and be precise :
First honour God, then with a louing heart,
Honour thy Prince, for so it is thy part.

Defraude no man, hurt not the innocent,
Hate pride, liue chaste, back-bite not with thy tongue,
Sweare not in vaine, to vengeance be not bent,
Murther no man, nor doo no poore man wrong :
Beare no false witnesse, hoord no gold in store,
While Orphanes weake, starue at thy cursed dore.

The Saboth keepe, honour thy parents deare,
Steale no mans wealth, thy enemies forgiue,
Shunne sloth as sinne, and drunkennesse forbeare,
Glutte no[n] thy selfe, still pouertie relleeue :
Fauour thy friend, loue thy true seruant well,
This done, thy fame, for ever shall excell

And

Dolarnys Primerose.

And if that long, thou dost desire to liue,
Beware of such, as brought mee to my end,
For they are men, that cunning words will giue,
Although thy fo, they will professe thy friends :
And will not let, to sweare, and forswere too,
Thy welth to gaine, though it doth thee vndoo.

But stay : mee thinkes I see the Eurian lights,
Budding like Rofes, in the mornings browes,
The drowsie vapours, takes their sable flyghts,
And bright *Aurora*, doth her selfe vnhouse :
The glow-worme dim, feares the'approaching sun,
Wherfore farewell, for I to speake haue done.

Thus did he leaue, and thus the *Hermit* left,
with tears distilling, and with sighs abounding,
His silent mutenesse, shew'd his Ioyes bereft,
Yet night did force me, leaue him plaints resounding :
And thus I rest, his story to descrye,
For that black night, hath now inclofd the skie.

Yet when *Apollo*, shall rechase againe,
The *Vesper* vailes, the earth hath clouded ouer,
If that your steps, doo guide you to this plaine,
The accident, to you I will discouer :
Vntill which time, your selfe I do commend,
To be preferu'd, by Alls all guiding friend.

The radiant torch, long since had burning left,
And *Cinthia* pale, keeping a wanton vaine,
Trimmed her selfe, like to a louer deste,
Casting her glimpses, toward faire *Latmos* plaine :
Which louely obiect, cauf'd her dazzling eyes,
With triple brightnesse, to inrich the skies.

Wherfore

Dolarnys Primeroſe.

Wherefore I left, the louely aged man,
Taking my leauue, my bed I made my blisse,
But in the morne, I did returne againe,
Whereas I heard, the *Hermits* life and his,
Which now my pen, growne dull denies t'indite,
Taking fresh breath, in fresher lines to write.

F I N I S.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. DAIPHANTUS, ETC.

- Title-page. See Introduction on *Daiphantus*, &c.
- Epistle-dedicatory. See the same on this; p. 3, l. 6, '*Randeuow*' = rendezvous, focus ; l. 11, '*Royall as the Exchange*' = the Royal Exchange ; l. 17, '*Acadia*', &c. — see Introduction ; l. 20, '*Friendly Shake-speares*', &c., *ibid.* ; l. 22, '*Prince Hamlet*', &c., *ibid.*
- Page 4, l. 2, '*Lords Ingle*' = sitter by the fireside of a lord, a familiar, or intimate : see Nares, s.v. ; l. 4, '*Tabacco*' — see Introduction ; l. 24, '*Fixion*' — odd spelling of 'fiction' ; l. 25, '*Also if he haue caught up half a Line of others*', &c. — see Introduction ; l. 28, '*his*' = is, with the unlucky 'h' prefixed. Has it been noted that this is the only word in which, in Scotland, the 'h' is introduced *à la Cockney*? See examples from the Scotch novels of George Macdonald in our Introduction ; l. 30, '*the Authour is dead*', &c. — see Introduction.
- „ 5, The Argument, l. 7, '*wordish*' = wordy in its transition-form ; l. 24, '*crepence*' — doubtless a misprint for 'credence.'
- „ 6, l. 2, '*imparadized*' — see Introduction.
- „ 7, The Proem, l. 18 — on the (,) = quotation-mark, see Introduction ; ll. 19–20 — *ibid.* ; l. 22 '*Castle*' = casket.
- „ 9, The Poem, l. 2, '*Daiphantus*', printed *Da phantus*, but probably accidental — see Introduction on *Daiphantus* ; ll. 5–6, the single comma (,) seems to differ from the double (,,) — see Introduction as before ; l. 7, '*feature*' = person — see *ibid.* ; l. 15, '*Paffant*' — Heraldic phrase = going along or marching, and therefore immediately leaving it behind.
- „ 10, l. 4, '*ticklē*' = insecure, unstable — see Nares, s.v. ; l. 9, '*Debonayre*' = courteous, mild, affable, gentle — Cotgrave ; l. 11, '*Pheare*' = mate or equal ; l. 16, '*by*' = in comparison to or with them ; l. 20, '*continent*' = container.
- „ 11, l. 3, '*beaunce*' = obeysance ? l. 4, '*And if*' = An if, i.e., '*Like*' Venus eyes, if any thing can be like them or is worthy to her, compared with them ; l. 12, '*obscures*' = dazzles ; l. 21, '*Or, a faire Iewell*', &c. — see Introduction on this Shakespearean reminiscence ; ll. 23–24 — see Introduction.
- „ 12, l. 7, '*feature*' — see on p. 9, l. 7 ; l. 10 = where wit [striues] and beautie striues, &c. ; *ibid.*, '*appeale*' = judgment [in her favour].

- See l. 5 and l. 1 of next stanza ; l. 12, 'Whether' = which of ?
l. 14, 'Whether' = comparative, which of the two ; l. 22,
'others' = other's, i.e., other is.
- Page 13, l. 11, 'Faires' — see Introduction ; l. 23, 'with wit' = by wisdom.
,, 14, l. 5, 'bandy' = toss about as in Tennis. So in Harsnet's *Popish Im-postures* (1603, p. 153), "making them tennis bals, for their
deuils to bandy on their stage" ; l. 10, 'Verses fits' = collective
plural ; l. 16, 'too too' — see Introduction.
,, 15, l. 9, 'render' — see Introduction on this Shakespearean word.
,, 17, l. 8, 'Dutch colour' = rubicund or red ; l. 19, 'Starre' = morning
star, Venus.
,, 18, l. 13, 'flower' = floor — to rhyme with 'shower' ; l. 18, 'glide' — see
Introduction.
,, 19, l. 23, 'quite' = quit, requited.
,, 20, l. 18, 'Feature' — see on p. 9, l. 7 ; l. 23, 'departed' = parted.
,, 21, l. 10, 'without' = beyond.
,, 22, l. 16 — the sign ‡ along with the quotation , seems to indicate that
the source of this couplet was intended to be marked in margin.
See Introduction ; l. 17, 'of' = off, or qu. 'oft'? l. 20, 'Palmer.'
" The difference between a pilgrim and a palmer was this. The
pilgrim had some home or dwelling-place, but the palmer had
none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place or
places ; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own
charges ; but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went
upon alms." Staveley's *Romish Horsleach*, p. 93, quoted by
Dr. Johnson, s.v.
,, 25, l. 5, 'woes yet tells' = collective plural, as before ; l. 16, 'There' =
their ; l. 18, 'impald' = empaled, in sense of made pale, m.g. ;
l. 19, 'still' = ever ; ll. 19-24 — see Introduction on this echo
of Breton.
,, 26, l. 14, 'Art and Nature strove' — see Introduction.
,, 27, l. 4, 'dull' = sad, despondent ; l. 5, 'for' = misprint for 'far'? l. 10,
'aga'st' = aghast, terrified = so that his heart became faint ;
l. 19, 'Standish' = inkstand ; l. 24, 'Nector' — misprint for
'Nectar,' as 'for' for 'far' above.
,, 28, l. 17, 'ingendred' — misprinted 'ingrendred' ; l. 19, 'runs' = [that]
runs.
,, 29, l. 9, 'Harbinger' = forerunner. So Bishop Hall was the 'Harbinger'
to Donne's well-known poem ; l. 19, 'Oh . . . heart gore' —
see Introduction for this Shakespeare reminiscence ; l. 20,
'continent' — see on p. 10, l. 20.
,, 31, l. 9, 'feature' — see on p. 9, l. 7.
,, 33, l. 6, 'They three,' &c. = but equal her ; l. 16, 'sickens' — misprinted
'sicknes' ; l. 21, 'dreames that makes' = collective plural, as
before. Or the verb singular through the influence of *that*, as
was common then.

- Page 34, l. 1, 'wonders' = wondrous; l. 2, 'I' = aye; l. 15, 'lef' = least; l. 18 = by the three she (one) is even'd or matcht.
 .. 35, l. 4, 'Vitullias' — misprinted 'Vitullius'; l. 17, 'it' = itself; ll. 7-24 onward to p. 37, l. 24 — see Introduction on this portraiture of the Lover's lunacy, in relation to Hamlet and Tasso.
 .. 36, l. 2, 'sieg of Brest' — see Introduction; l. 3, 'heare' = hair — see *ibid.*, l. 6 = each lip [doth] the other wipe; l. 12, 'than' = then; l. 24. 'harrow' = tear to pieces, destroy.
 .. 39, l. 2, 'Mappe of sorrow' — see Introduction for this Shakespearean phrase; l. 10, 'To see him mad' — see Introduction on this and 'revenge' in connection with pp. 35-37, *ut supra*. See also p. 40, ll. 1-18, p. 42, ll. 13-14, and p. 44, ll. 9-10; l. 15, 'apayd' = appeased, satisfied; l. 21, 'discord makes' = makes discord.
 .. 40, l. 2, 'parted' = departed.
 .. 41, l. 6, 'prick-song' — music written down. Here = sung as written and well thought on music.
 .. 42, l. 9, 'amounts' = rises.
 .. 43, l. 3, 'tell' = number; l. 21, 'dight' = dispose.
 .. 45, l. 14, 'here' = hear; l. 23, 'not hidden' = is not placed.
 .. 46, l. 11, 'pore blind' = purblind,
 The Passionate mans Pilgrimage, &c. — See Introduction on this.
 Page 50, l. 24, 'Angells but no ses' — play on 'angel' the coin and 'angels' the celestial creatures.
 .. 51, last line = [of] which before I writ.

II. DOLARNY'S PRIMEROSE.

- Title-page — see our Introduction on this and its mottoes; l. 6, 'alluding' = allusive.
 Epistle-dedicatory, p. 55, 'Esme Stewart, Lord of Aubigny,' &c. He was second son of Esme Stewart, first duke of Lennox, by Catherine, youngest daughter of William de Balsac, Seigneur d' Entragues and Marcoussis, Governor of Havre de Grace, and was created 7 June 1619, Baron Stuart of Leighton Bromswold, and earl of March. He succeeded his elder brother as third duke of Lennox, but enjoyed the title less than six months, dying of the spotted fever, at Kirby, in the county of Northampton, 30 July in the same year [1624]. See Chester's *Marriage, Baptismal, and Burial Registers of the Collegiate Church or Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster* (1876), pp. 115, 123 *et alibi*; also my *Memoirs of George Herbert*, *passim*; l. 6, 'Raynolds' — see Introduction; l. 7, 'renowned' = renowned — contemporary and later spelling; l. 23, 'plausible censures' = applausive judgment; l. 28, 'unpolished lines' — a phrase of the day which even Shakespeare adopted; p. 56, l. 5, 'Parrhasius' — the

allusion is to Parrhasius' competition with Zeuxis, though the 'counterfeit' was a linen sheet painted, not 'lawn'; l. 6, '*Tymanthes*' = Timanthes, who painted a small picture of a sleeping Cyclops and showed his size by making some satyrs measure his thumb with a thyrsis; l. 9, '*applaudit*' = a plaudit, applause; l. 16, '*Damidas Parret*' — query, Apuleius?

- Page 57, l. 4, '*ingert*' = ingirt; l. 10, '*nourisheth*' — Is this an example of the Northern verbal plural in 'th'? or was it caused by influence of 'crest' followed by 'whose'? See p. 64, l. 17; l. 12, '*deaws*' — verb, as frequently. The sense is, 'waters with dew to [in order to] view,' &c. I have deleted comma after 'deaws' of the original — a frequent and irritating mis-punctuation of this author or printer. See Introduction; l. 15, '*thoughts*' [of him] that longs, &c.
- ,, 58, l. 8, '*deeme*' — I have deleted semi-colon (;) after 'deeme' of the original.
- ,, 59, l. 16, '*Abraham Sauere Gentleman*' — see Introduction.
- ,, 61, l. 10, '*Inchaunting*' = in chaunting, or simply chaunting = charming; l. 19, '*ranck*' = pranck, or query — range? l. 22, '*daly*' = adjective of 'dale.' So p. 81, l. 4.
- ,, 62, l. 3 — for rythm read [that] wanton, &c., *ibid*, '*yeelds*' — due to the preceding accusative? l. 21, '*labells*' = fillets (heraldic); l. 23, '*There*' = their; l. 29, '*reflexing*' = reflecting — so 'fixion' for 'fiction' in 'Daiphantus,' p. 4, l. 24.
- ,, 63, l. 8, '*regreting*' = return-greeting : *ib.* = [in short] Whereat in no long time; l. 17, '*ti'd*' — verse requires 'tied'; l. 26, '*sad-neffe*' = seriousness; l. 28, '*peruse*' = observe, survey.
- ,, 64, l. 6, '*wonder*' = wonder at or make wonder of; l. 10, '*beare*' — I have again deleted semi-colon (;) after 'beare' of the original; l. 17, '*shadeth*' — another example (see p. 57, l. 10) of 'th' as in Shakespeare, being sometimes a Northern plural; l. 20, '*off*' = of; l. 21, '*greffes*' = steps — "a greese or stair" (Holyoke's Rider, s.v.) — I have deleted comma (,) after 'losty'; l. 29, '*Pastoraes*' — apparently from 'Pastora' = shepherdess, with an English plural.
- ,, 65, l. 2 = 'where pritty birds were skipping frō branch to bough'; l. 5, '*woare*' = wore; l. 9, '*why*' — I have inserted '!' after 'why'; l. 29, '*plays*' — another instance (eheu!) of wrong number, r.g.; last l., '*delayes*' = short for 'roundelayes.'
- ,, 66, l. 4, '*staying running*' = 'staying' [from] running. I have deleted (,) after 'staying'; l. 6, '*noysse*' — probably here used in sense of 'concert' as in "a noise of fiddlers"; l. 18, '*yong Tellus*' — because the place was 'green'; l. 22, '*cloyed*' = filled or sated. See Richardson, s.v.; last l., '*Amphrisus*' — a feigned and (to me) unknown name.
- ,, 67, l. 22, '*myrth was moane*' — a common contemporary alliteration.

- Page 68, l. 15, '*enact*'=cause; l. 29, '*beldame*'—see Nares, *s.v.*, for examples of this long deteriorated word.
- ,, 69, l. 11, '*belay*'—nautical=fasten, or query=surround, as in Robert of Gloucester (Halliwell, *s.v.*)? or Spenser='cover'?
- ,, 70, l. 1, '*no kind*'=not natural; l. 9, '*was*'='t^hwas; l. 12, '*luld*.' Cf. p. 67, last l.=hushed by lullaby; l. 13, '*corps*'=corpus, body not corpse; l. 20, '*abound*'—qu. misprinted for 'around?' or perhaps for '*aboun*'=above measure; l. 22, '*relenting*'=smelting (Palsgrave, Halliwell, *s.v.*); last line, '*prie'd*'=peeped. So p. 79, l. 20.
- ,, 71, l. 13, '*Sophistick*'=wisely or well related; l. 20, '*he*'—misprinted 'she' in the original, caused by 'strings,' albeit it might be=his lady-love's lute; l. 23, '*frets*'=the points at which a string is to be stopped in lute or guitar, &c. (Nares, *s.v.*) So p. 76, l. 21; l. 24, '*pawson*'—Paveson, in Spanish, is a buckler or shield; but this does not seem applicable here. Query—was pavison or pavizone, the time or measure of the stately pavis? and so its beauty and stateliness making it (in his view) the model of heavenly strains; l. 26, '*buskey*'=adjective of 'busk' as before, 'daly' of 'dale.'
- ,, 72, l. 5, '*Imphes*'=imps (in good sense, *r.g.*); l. 23, '*thee*'=Corridon; l. 27, '*extort*'=extorting or ravishing away.
- ,, 73, l. 7, '*Comes*'=Cume; l. 18, '*Vndoubting*'=not doubting; l. 25, '*poar's*'=pow'rs—so spelled *r.g.*; last line, '*On*'=one.
- ,, 74, l. 1, '*Aboue loue-drown'd*'—misprinted in the original '*Aboue-loue drown'd*'; l. 9, '*sits crown'd in a chayre*'—see Introduction.
- ,, 75, l. 3—line wants a syllable—query, '*paine[full]*' or '*paine[d]*'? l. 17, '*rauin'd*'=greedy, feeding to repletion.
- ,, 76, l. 9, '*sacke*,' *i.e.*, cause of sack; l. 17, '*trauell*'=travail? l. 22, '*Orphe-like*'=Orpheus; l. 28, '*Themmes*'=Thames.
- ,, 78, l. 4, '*reijh*'=understand; l. 29—I have inserted '!' after 'why,' as before, and deleted comma (,) after 'durst.'
- ,, 79, l. 24, '*sad*'=sober; l. 19, '*foli in*'=folly in.
- ,, 80, l. 3, '*brach*'=a scenting dog. See Nares, *s.v.*, for full note; l. 4, '*the other crie*'=rest of pack; l. 6, '*bracks*'=brakes; l. 8, '*to the foile*'=hunting term for water.
- ,, 81, l. 4, '*daly ground*'—see p. 61, l. 22, and note; l. 16, '*install*'=stall in, mingle with; l. 28, '*faund*'=swoon.
- ,, 84, l. 16, '*sad*'=serious; ll. 17 and 18, onward—see our Introduction on this long passage on 'the scull'; l. 21, '*faund*'=fawn'd, in good sense, *i.e.*, smiled or looked lovingly upon.
- ,, 86, l. 7, '*foggie*'=bloated; l. 10, '*her chimneis all were burn'd*'—allusion to *lues ven.*, though burning was usually applied to a cognate disease; l. 11, '*Gallian*'=Gallican, French; l. 17, '*creake*'=croak.
- ,, 87, l. 18, '*bewrays*'=open out.

- Page 88, l. 8, '*houres sunne*' — probably shows that the ordinary hour-glass in use really ran for an hour — like that of the pulpit of the jocose and popular Puritan divine who, after preaching an entire hour, said semi-irreverently 'We'll take another glass' — to the delight of his auditory ; nor is this delight the phenomenon your cravers for fifteen-minute essays that usurp the name of sermons would have us believe in our own day. As the old Scotchman explained, 'It depends on who is in the pu'pit' [pulpit] ; l. 12, 'hill' = cover over with the small mound of the grave—or query = hull, enclose ?
- ,, 89, l. 5 = 'his body [doth] nothing craue' ; l. 10, 'deeme' = judge or distinguish ; l. 15, 'remorse' = pity.
- ,, 90, l. 22, 'in directing' = indirecting, i.e., not directing, and therefore = ill-directing or directing crookedly.
- ,, 91, l. 3 = [having] got ; l. 14, 'silly' = sickly or weakly ; l. 28, 'all that seeks' = singular verb after plural noun, 'that' intervening.
- ,, 92, l. 9, 'heapes up,' &c. — another example as in p. 91, l. 28, and note ; l. 23, 'Celeno' — evidently refers to the false thieves, as Pride does to the 'pride' spoken of before. Probably = Celeno, one of the Harpies ; last line = he knows that he must only die from this world.
- ,, 93, l. 23 = tongue [that] ; l. 25, 'new Troy' = London.
- ,, 94, l. 1, 'Maudlin' = Magdalene ; l. 2, 'leman' = lover ; *ibid.*, 'his' = her husband's ; *ibid.*, 'grift' = grafted ; l. 3, 'Maukin' = hare ; ll. 13-14 — a noticeable example of the influence of 'that' intervening between plural nom. and verb sing. with an example to the contrary in 'hoard.'
- ,, 95, l. 9, 'Each on' = each elected his seat, 'on' being inserted, *m.g.* ; l. 12, 'brach' — see p. 80, l. 3, and note ; l. 17, 'ought' = owed ; l. 28, 'curſt' = ill-tempered.
- ,, 96, l. 19, 'floweth' — a third example (see p. 57, l. 10, and p. 64, l. 17) of the verb in 'th' following a plural nom. ; l. 23, sing. verb following nom. plural, the author apparently misled (as Shakespeare) by the accusative sing. (here 'ship') preceding the verb.
- ,, 97, l. 4, 'vncouth' = unknown — a fine example of the word in this sense ; l. 9, 'bray' — curious application of the word, *r.g.* ; l. 15, 'Doe' — doe.
- ,, 98, l. 6, 'tenure' = tenor.
- ,, 99, l. 19, 'remorse' = pity, as before ; l. 26, 'skants' — a neuter verb = wants ; l. 28 = that he [doth] wish.
- ,, 101, l. 12, 'defcryd' = discovered.
- ,, 102, l. 5, 'Elisea' = plural of Elysium — not possibly Eliza[beth] ; l. 6, 'deepſt' — qu., misprint for 'deepes'? l. 18, 'told of Phyllis ioye' — see Introduction.
- ,, 103, l. 5, 'nuroiſh' — misplaced 'o' ; l. 26, 'cariere' — see Introduction. So p. 107, l. 5.

- Page 105, l. 7, 'bruted' = bruited ; l. 13, 'Lamprils' — another feigned and (to me) unknown name.
- ,, 106, l. 17, 'parle' = parley, and so pronounced ; l. 26, 'gads' = goads or points.
- ,, 107, l. 7, 'handy' = adjective of hand, as before with 'daly' and 'busky' ; l. 9, 'goes' — again verb sing. nom. pl.
- ,, 108, l. 6, 'ravin'd' = ravin'd, as before.
- ,, 109, l. 10, 'frontiers' = ramparts of the town.
- ,, 110, l. 5, 'fails' = fail us ; l. 24, 'pre-tend' = draw out.
- ,, 112, 'bandy' — as in the game of Tennis ; l. 19 — I have supplied 'been' — there is also understood [those] Grecians ; l. 22, 'trauell's' — good example of verb sing. after nom. pl., 'that' intervening = towards, as before.
- ,, 115, l. 2, 'Inuironed' = invironed ; l. 22, 'leuerucke' = laverock, lark — so in Scotland still ; l. 25, 'Menmons' = Memnon ; *ibid.*, 'mother' = Eos and Hemera.
- ,, 116, l. 11, 'Vespatiun' = Vespasian ; l. 25, 'dday' = lay or keep off or back ; last l., 'great Brittaine' — slowly creeping into use and ultimately becoming 'Great Britain.'
- ,, 117, l. 8, 'copt' = met ; l. 12, 'land it' = turn it to dry land.
- ,, 118, l. 1, 'raine' — reign ; l. 13, 'bag'd droans' = bag-pipes ; l. 19, 'haulty' = haughty ; l. 23, 'regardlesse' = not to be regarded ; l. 25, 'Ibeamie' — a manifest misprint, probably for 'Ibene,' the Heben of Spenser and Hebenon of Shakespeare. Here (as is also shown in Spenser) = yew ; l. 26, 'jkean' = crooked sword. See Nares, *s.v.*, for a full note, with examples.
- ,, 119, l. 2, 'garisk' = magnificent, &c., but here (apparently) = wild (Halliwell, *s.v.*) ; l. 7, 'brays' = rising ground, Scottice 'braes' = brows. So in Scotch 'eye-brees' = eye-brows.
- ,, 120, l. 22, 'cope' = met, so p. 117, l. 8, and note.
- ,, 121, l. 8, 'nights trumpeters' = night's trumpeter's, i.e., the cock. Cf. p. 123, st. 2.
- ,, 122, l. 9, 'all and some' = the whole and each.
- ,, 123, l. 9, 'Eurian' — see Introduction.

A. B. G.

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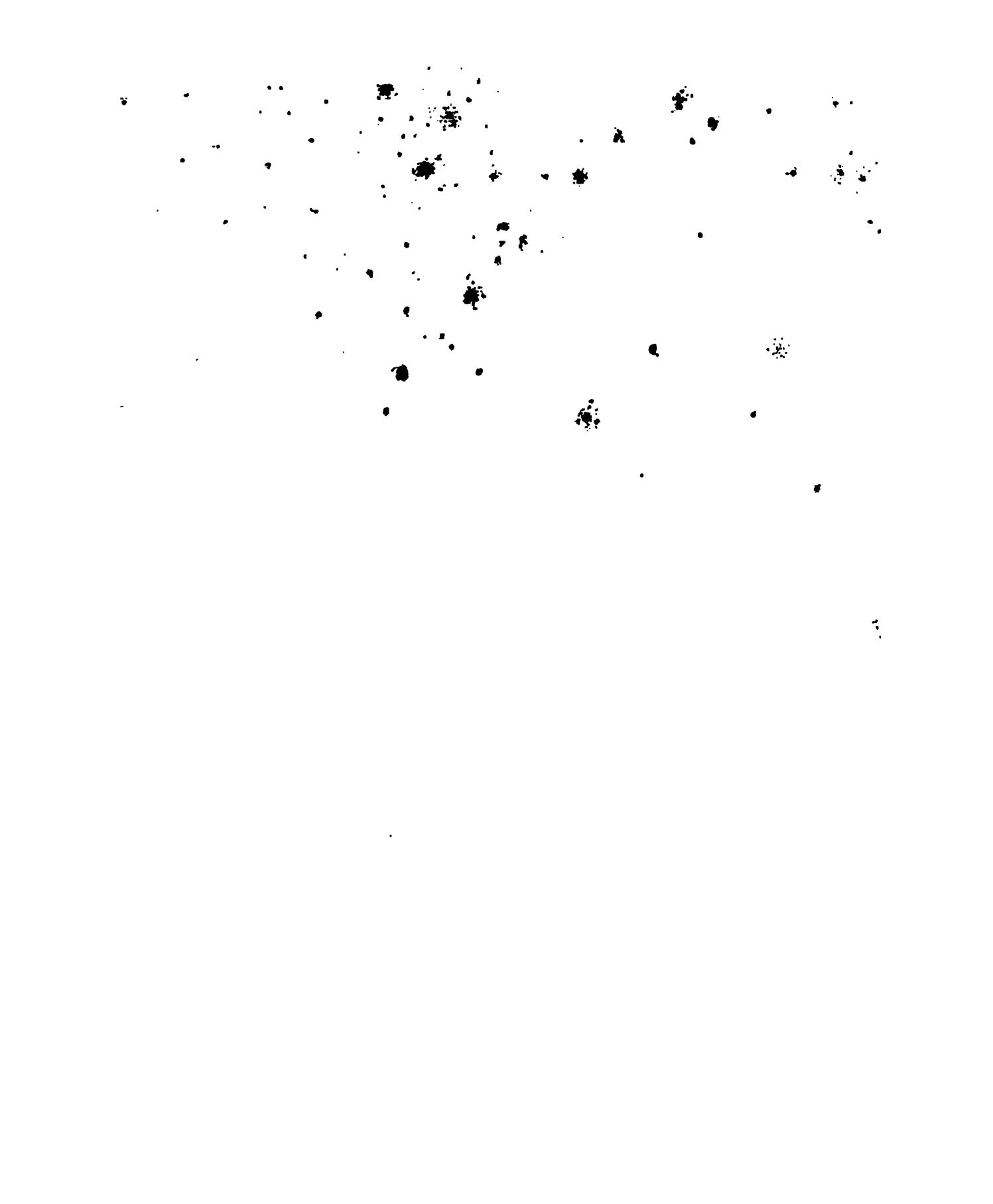
XXIX. ANTHONY SCOLOKER AND JOHN RAYNOLDS.

Introduction, p. x. l. 33, 'laſt' for 'best' is an awkward misprint.
 Page 3, l. 7 (from foot), 'Coriwall'—Shakespearean word.

- " 4, l. 3, 'divine Tobacco'—it may be noted that we find the same epithet in Spenser (*Fairy Queen*, iii. v. 32); l. 10, 'Etatis sua,' &c.
 " Whose picture is this? *Anno Domini*, 1599. Believe me,
 Master Anno Domini was of a good settled age when you
 lymned him, 1599 years old! Lets see the other. *Etatis sua*
 24, Bir Ladie, he is somewhat younger. Belike Master Etatis
 sua was Anno Dominic's sonne."—Marston's *Antonio and Mellide*, Part I. (Halliwell's ed., i. 55.) Either Scoloker
 refers to this, or the anecdote comes from some jest book which
 both Marston and he used.
- " 6, l. 9, 're-cure'—Shakespearean word—*Richard III.*, 3, vii. 130.
- " 20, l. 6, "Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing."—Song in
 Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602; l. 24,
 "But who those ruddy lips can mifte
 Which blessed still themselves doe kille?"
 —Shakspere's Arcadia.
- " 25, "Oh eyes, no eyes, but Stars still clearly shinning,
 Oh face, no face, but shape of Angel's fachsen:
 Oh lips, no lips, but blisse by kille retching,
 Oh heart, no heart, but it were ioye right Paffen."
- " 26, l. 10—corrupt. "every, "His Kers: as the witt Parfaffry and
 long! The all these even . . ."
- " 31, l. 1, 'cheffugis'—scarcely used.
- " 35, l. 13. See Introduction to *Kinire: his new Writings*, p. 111, the former
 "Introduction."
- " 46, l. 11, 'parfaffry'—Kers, i.e., pertained, says that "the epithet is
 "the parfaffry is a man's substance with the body, i.e., yoke."
- " 50, l. 7, 'jackets'—scarcely used.
- " 53, i.e. "the al witt regal" (as written in 'witt and fachen')
- " 65, i.e.—"Angerous"—i.e., full of fanghers.
- " 70, l. 3, 'carni'—fleshmen (mum) i.e., "ff."
- " 72—24, 'gouyons'—Scarpone the doctor, "he was impudent and
 rascall."
- " 73—24, "your"—a physician and a much dicing "impudent" doctor and
 "rascall druggist; one
 'ff,

Nugæ and Illustrations.

- The name "Thames" is almost exactly parallel to Lovelace's "The old sleeping Thames," the name Thames standing for water in general according to the well-known Virgilian proverb. The only explanation of the passage (p. 66, l. 30) we can think of is that the brook or stream is spoken of as the river = *grandchild* of Amphyrys, the god of the ocean, after all that name.
- *Amphitrite* is the name used here.
- *Amphitrite* from *Amphi-* = *both* — early importation of the word. *Amphitrite* is mentioned as of 1661.



- .. 76, l. 28, Ital. 'mieric Themmus'; almost exactly parallel to Lovelace's "With no allaying Thames," the name Thames standing for water in general, according to the well-known Virgilian precedent. The only explanation of the passage (p. 66, l. 30) one can think of is that the brook or fountain is spoken of as the niece (- granddaughter) of Amphrysus, the god of the classical river of that name.
- .. 100, l. 7, for 'payne' read 'pine.'
- .. 118, l. 5 (from foot) 'dirk' = dirk — early instance of the word. Richardson's earliest is of 1661.

